



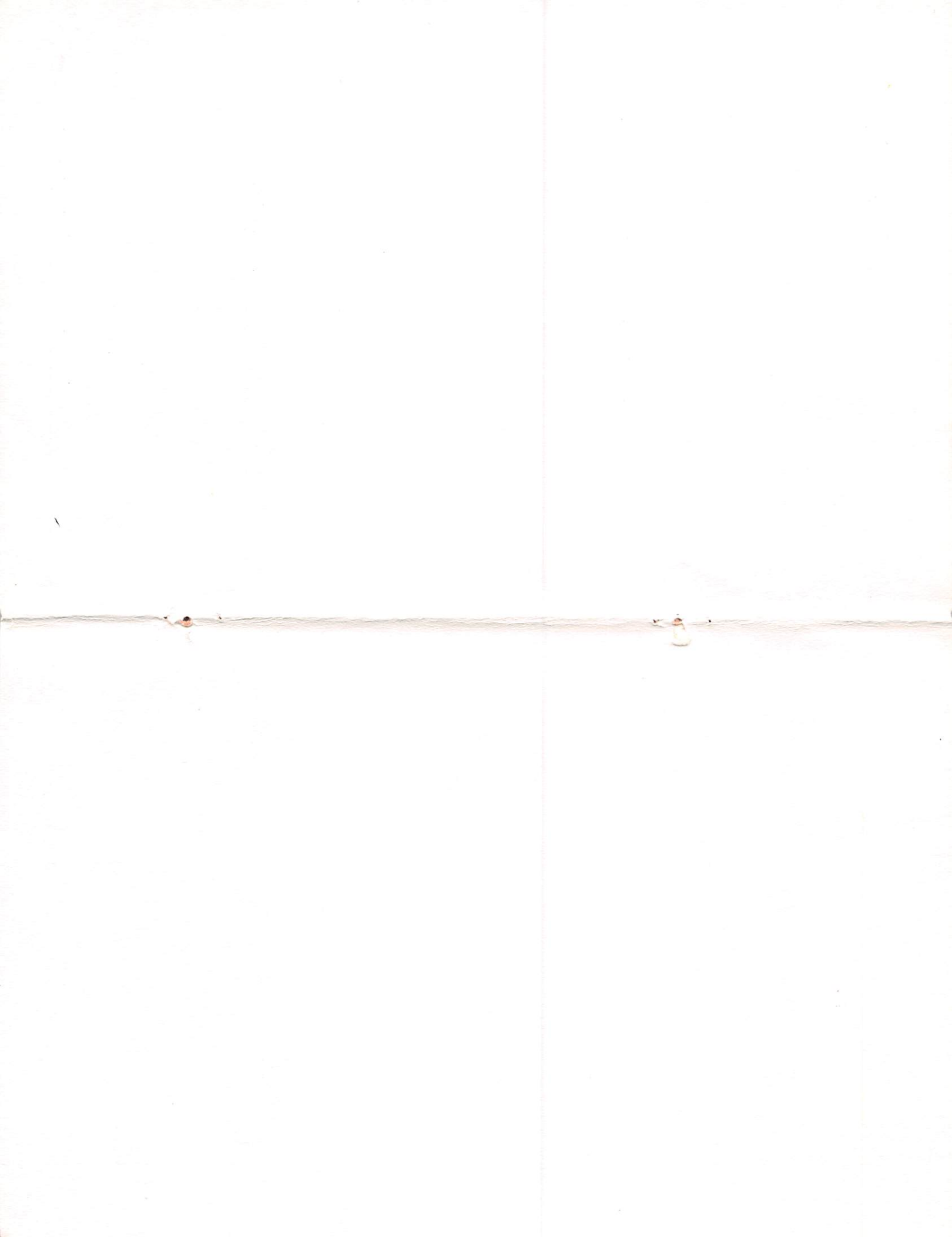
# *Riders of The Pony Express*

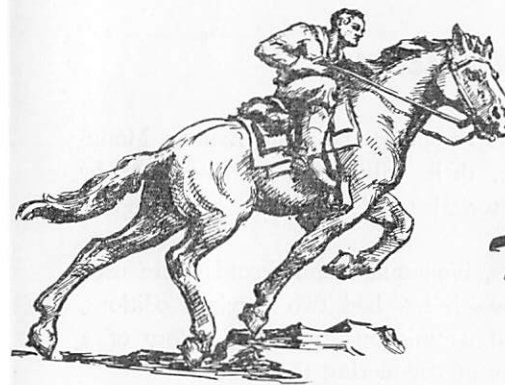
KATE B. CARTER

Special Edition

Pony Express Mid-Century Memorial Commission of Utah







## *Riders of The Pony Express*

### *Foreword*

Since the first exciting appearance of THE PONY EXPRESS in the 1947 Utah Centennial parade, many citizens of the state have become interested in preserving this inspired creation of Dr. Avard Fairbanks, Utah's great sculptor of pioneers. Nearly five years ago, this writer and his wife, in the spirit of public service, began the task of formulating ideas that would make possible a heroic memorial.

Support quickly rallied and in June 1952, Governor J. Bracken Lee delegated the Pony Express Mid-Century Memorial Commission of Utah to erect THE PONY EXPRESS MEMORIAL in Washington, D. C., as a gift to the nation from the people of Utah in honor of old and modern postal service. In addition to perpetuating a great work of art, THE PONY EXPRESS MEMORIAL will stand as an immortal dedication to those ideals of faith, courage, rugged devotion to duty, personal liberty, and free communication which made possible this great epic in American history and the vast development of the early west.

This special edition of "Riders of the Pony Express" is published by the Commission to satisfy an increasing demand for information concerning the pony express. It is a collection of original sketches of pony express riders and other valuable historical data, and has been compiled by Kate B. Carter, national president of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, who has written nearly two hundred pamphlets similar to this one and which comprise thirteen volumes known as *Heart Throbs of the West*. All proceeds from the sale of this special edition have been generously assigned to the Memorial.

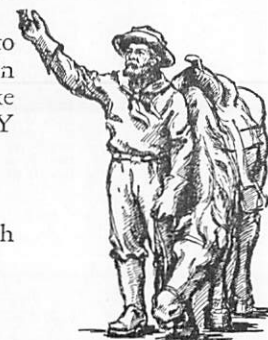
We the People of Utah join in a statewide campaign to perpetuate the magnificent PONY EXPRESS MEMORIAL in re-dedication to those same ideals that still combine to make America today a prized land of the free—where THE PONY EXPRESS rides again into the hearts of lovers of liberty!

ALVIN G. PACK, *Executive Director*

The Pony Express Mid-Century Memorial Commission of Utah

FRED E. CURTIS, *Chairman*

September, 1952



## Introduction

The Daughters of Utah Pioneers recognize the Pony Express Monument as an inspired project; hence, their willingness to co-operate by allowing the publishing of this historical treatise "Riders of the Pony Express."

Many books, manuscripts, diaries, biographies and records were used in the preparing of this pamphlet which has had two previous editions. Our hope is that it will again fulfill its mission—to tell the story of a heroic undertaking in these first years of conquering the west.

Kate B. Carter

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the east. On October 18, the courtesy was extended to Brigham Young to send a message to some one, and he responded with a congratulatory telegram to the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, telling him, also, that Utah had not seceded. Those being days of great decisions among the states, at the beginning of the war, the acting governor of Utah, also wired to President Abraham Lincoln, "strenuously resisting all imputations of Utah's disloyalty."

There was no mourning for the Pony Express, only rejoicing; Main Street being filled with happy persons privileged to read some of the electrically transmitted messages. Though ten words to New York cost \$7.50, its transmission was almost instantaneous, and thus the ponies to the west were needed no more. From the west, the telegraph line, following approximately the route of the pony express line, was brought into Salt Lake City a week later, and the wires were fused into one complete cross-continent circuit on October 24, 1861. Thus the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express, the Pony Express, was publicly electrocuted in the streets of Salt Lake City.

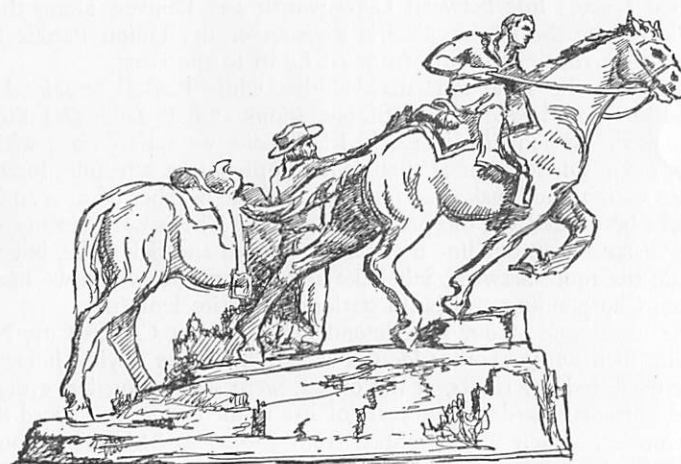
—J. Cecil Alter, *Tribune Travelogues*

#### WESTWARD HO!

I swing to the saddle at busy Saint Joe  
Where the Sinuous River is muddy and slow;  
My knife and my pistol are strapped to my side  
And the letters I carry are covered with hide;  
A word from the agent, a fervent "Good-bye,"  
And away to the West speed my pony and I.  
We canter, we gallop, we race like the roe,  
And the wind whistles music to us as we go.

I urge with the spur and I goad with the tongue;  
(In the speech that I utter no poet has sung.)  
With head full extended, with ears in his mane  
And hoofs beating time on the undulous plain,  
My mount, like a swallow in vigorous flight,  
Sweeps on with the day, plunges into the night.  
Never trooper did ride with his charger in line  
More swiftly than I on this mustang of mine.

I gain the last summit, I climb the last hill,  
There bursts on my sight, O, ineffable thrill!  
A shimmering view of my heavenly home,  
All canopied o'er with a blue vaulted dome.  
As lovely a vale as resplendent Cashmere  
Lies encircled by mountains, and, chrystalline clear,  
A salty lake gleams 'neath the sun's burning ire,  
A platter of silver aglitter with fire.  
—Charles R. Mabey: "The Pony Express."



### *Riders of The Pony Express*

In the story of the building of the Overland Trail, the romance of the Pony Express forms one of the most vital chapters. We must realize the place it holds in the development of western transportation, for it was the first fast mail between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast. It came into existence because of popular demand for closer communication between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. By a system of nearly perfect organization, men riding upon trained horses, in relays, attained an average distance of two-hundred-fifty miles a day, which was an astonishing speed for that era. Although the Pony Express operated for only sixteen months, it inaugurated a shorter trail across the western states and no doubt opened the way for other transportation and communication projects. This dramatic communication service reduced the time of transmitting news across the country from twenty-one days to ten days. Riders, noted for their lithe, wiry physique, bravery and coolness in the face of great personal danger, rode from 100 to 140 miles each—at break-neck speed—with relays of horses at distances of from 20 to 25 miles. Rain, hail, snow or sleet—"road-agents," hostile Indians—there was no delay. In all, 650,000 miles were ridden by the Pony Express riders before this service was replaced by transcontinental telegraph and railroad.

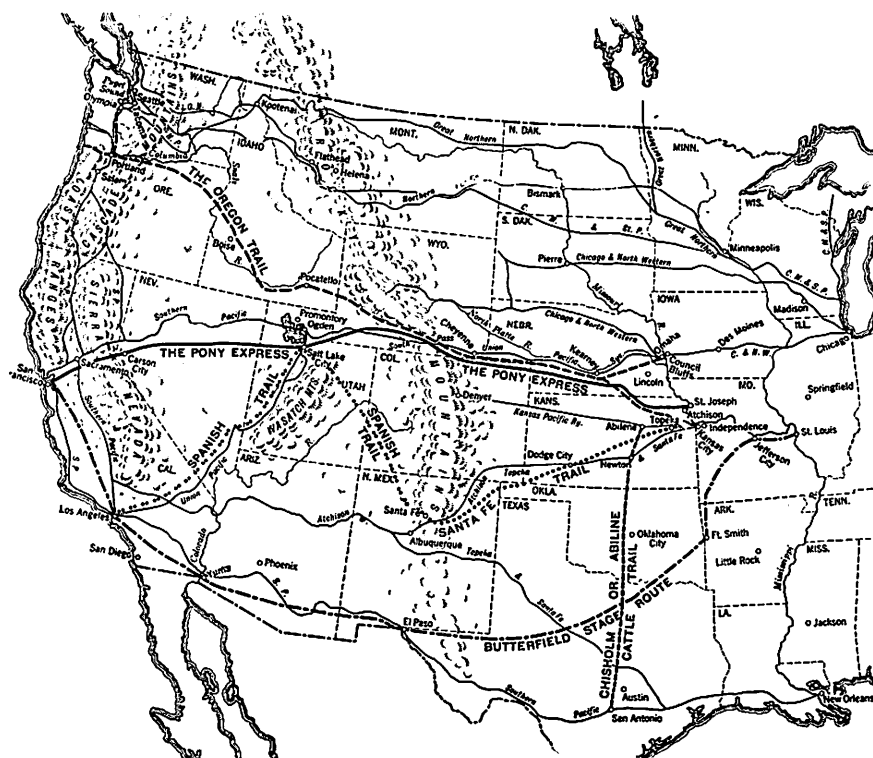
Alexander Majors, in his life's story, one of the financiers behind the venture, and considered the best authority on the subject of the Pony Express said:

"Having decided to establish the Pony Express as a first step, we organized the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company under a Kansas charter, including Ficklin and W. W. Finney, another of our principal employees, among the incorporators. Then the stage line from Atchison to Salt Lake City owned and operated by our firm was turned over to the new company, which proceeded to acquire the Chorpenning mail and stage line operating on a monthly schedule between Salt Lake and Sacramento, and the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express, which had lately

established a stage line between Leavenworth and Denver, along the route now followed by the Kansas Pacific division of the Union Pacific System. This gave us a continuous line from Atchison to the coast.

"It was at the same time decided that while Russell remained in the East, Ficklin should take charge of operations at Salt Lake and Finney at San Francisco. When Ficklin reached Salt Lake we set to work with J. C. Bromley, our resident agent at that point, to prepare a schedule, locate relay and other stations, and make exact estimates of the number of men and horses that would be needed for the proposed service. There were already stations properly distanced on our line between St. Joseph and Salt Lake, but we had to relocate the route between Salt Lake and Sacramento which we had taken over from Chorpennig and build stations its entire length.

"Meantime one of our superintendents located at Carson City, Nevada, was hiring men while another located at Salt Lake was buying horses. The sixty men selected for riders, at the outset, were still young but every one a splendid horseman hardened by years of life in the open—in a word the pick of the frontier. Their wages ranged from \$50.00 to \$150.00 a month, the highest paid of any of our men below executive rank. The horses assembled for the service were the best that money could buy, ranging from tough California cayuses or mustangs to Thoroughbred stock from Iowa. The line when fully equipped comprised 190 stationmen and keepers, and eighty



there, it is believed, will soon attract a large population, while the change in the basis of apportionment will reduce the representation from the Salt Lake region in the legislature."

But in spite of the slap in the face, the coming of the ponies was always watched with interest, and the waning of the service was regarded with regret in Salt Lake City and Utah generally. Eastern news items coming in by the regular Overland Stage mails were often published with the satisfied remark that the event had been anticipated a few days or weeks by the "pony."

However, among the Pony Express company's many creditors were a number of Salt Lakers who observed with growing concern the straits into which the line was being pressed. Thus, late in February, 1861, the well-known merchandising firm of Livingston, Bell & Co., of Salt Lake City, executed a legal attachment on all the express company's livestock in Utah. The plaintiff had no intention of stopping the mails, they averred, nor of preventing the ponies from being used regularly as usual.

Nevertheless, the action threw an additional shudder into the already trembling public confidence, and the summer approached none too auspiciously. In a strenuous endeavor to offset these influences, the Californians who were benefited most by the pony express mails, began to post large prizes for fast rides, and bonuse for deliveries on time ahead of time. But even then the letter carrying rates remained high, and the income low. Often as much as \$50 was paid on a single paper; and the British Government paid \$135 on the report of the English commander in the Chinese war; so says Frank A. Root of Topeka, Kansas, in the Overland Stage to California.

These items were but drops in the bucketfuls of expense. The average cost of the line was about a thousand dollars per day, yet the greatest single day's receipts were but little more than one thousand dollars. In June, 1861, the Shoshoni Indians went to war with the Cheyennes and the Sioux, and none of them, especially the Cheyennes and Sioux were any too friendly with Pony Expressmen, who were traveling along the line of the war parties.

Then on July 1, 1861, the government abandoned the southern or Butterfield mail route, and to get it out of reach of the confederate states, started a daily mail stage over the Central Overland route, through Salt Lake City. The contract as let on that date was for deliveries to the coast in twenty days on all first-class mail, and enough of all other matter to total one thousand pounds daily, and in thirty-five days on all other mails.

That same month the thousand-leg Pacific Telegraph line began to measure itself wormlike, westward from the Missouri River and eastward from San Francisco, or Carson, where its terminal had been. The ponies then shortened up their run, shuttling only between the ends of the telegraph lines, when completed to important stations.

The builders of the telegraph lines saw fat bonuses dangling before them, and made all possible speed to join their wires at or near Salt Lake City. This was almost a knockout for the already groggy "pony." On September 11, 1861, the first poles began to appear on Main Street, Salt Lake City, and on October 17, the circuits were closed over the line to

But the Pony Express line was burned in two, and not even the assisting stage coaches, immigrants, settlers and army troops could get the pouches through the terrible Indian fire. A rider came into his home station with the mails one day as he had agreed in the beginning to do; but having an Indian bullet through his chest, he expired after handing over the mail. Another rider, yes, several of them, came into the station only to find it in hot ashes, and the corpses of the helpers and relief riders strewn about the premises.

For nearly a month the nasty scrip continued; and then a peace settlement was made, and the line became alive with riders again, on June 20, 1860. This war, though, cost the express company three fourths as much (\$75,000) as did the original equipment of the line (\$100,000). It was a weakening blow and caused the fickle public to pity rather than patronize the slender, illy defended line. Then the racing ponies continually aroused the suspicion of the Indians, even after peace had presumably been established, and the boys were greatly harassed and delayed by the curious domineering savages beyond the restraint of their chiefs.

The riders were waylaid in the canyons and threatened with death for crossing the lands presumably awarded to the Piutes by the new treaty, and the riders were forced into much strategy and diplomacy in order to get through at all many times. Then came the winter of 1860-1861, which, like the Indian war, caused the riders to resign in large numbers, and slowed down the service appreciably, even suspending it at times because of deep snows and unbearable storms. The riding horses also began to drop out, incapacitated, because of the extremely hard riding and replacements were of inferior stock.

Perhaps the most disheartening feature of the Pony Express enterprise was the lack of patronage. *The Deseret News*, reflecting the spirit of Utah, always had a kind word for the "pony," and usually printed a few items of news under the heading: "The latest by Pony Express"; yet, "The Express arrived Friday last inside of time as usual," said the editor one day, adding the significant comment: "It travels swiftly whether it carries much news or not. We have been informed that there were only three or four letters for this place by the last trip."

The biggest news ever brought to Salt Lake City by the "pony" (other than President Lincoln's nomination, election and inaugural address, and the opening of the Civil War) was rather bad news for Utah. It appeared in the *St. Louis Republican* of March 26, 1860, and was carried by the "pony" on the initial journey. A Washington correspondent reported that the United States senate committee on territories had authorized a bill to be reported: "Amendatory of the act organizing the territory of Utah, by which the seat of government is to be removed from Salt Lake City to Carson Valley, and the name of the territory changed from Utah to Nevada."

"The bill also makes the male population the sole basis of apportionment and confines the elective franchise to citizens of the United States, thus excluding the previous large vote of unnaturalized foreigners. The committee hopes by this policy to pass the political power of the territories from Salt Lake City to Carson Valley, from the hands of the Mormons to those of the Gentiles. The removal of the seat of government to Carson Valley, in connection with the rich mines lately discovered

riders, but those who had preparations in charge labored to such good purpose that sixty days after they were set afoot it was ready for active operations."

By the route to be followed the distance between St. Joseph and Sacramento was about 1950 miles and this time it was proposed the riders of the Pony Express should cover in ten days, an average of eight miles an hour from start to finish. The amount of mail to be carried on a trip was limited to twenty pounds, and at first, in addition to the regular United States postage, a charge was made for each letter of one-half ounce or less, this charge being later reduced to \$2.50 for letters not exceeding one-half ounce in weight. Each rider carried a pair of Colt's revolvers in his holsters, and a Spencer rifle strapped across his back; but the latter was soon abandoned as useless and cumbersome.

The Pony Express rider did not have the trail to himself; thousands of immigrants were on the road going West. Men on horseback; wagons pulled by slow, plodding oxen, mules or horses; light wagons or buggies, piled high with family treasures: all, literally lined the trail. The dangers of the way were enough to keep men of less stout heart, off the road. Over two-thirds of the route was infested with bands of hostile Indians who took pride in burning the Express stations and, when possible, killing the keepers and their associates. Undoubtedly, the courageous rider made a most valuable contribution toward westward expansion and development.

## ROMANCE OF PONY EXPRESS

In 1860 there were nearly one-half million citizens of the United States west of the Rocky Mountains, not taking into count the Chinese or the Indians. Still between the new West and the older civilization stretched mile upon mile of unconquered territory, whose physical contour held out as many perils to the adventurer as the possibility of encounters with murderous Indians. Three thoroughfares opened across this wilderness—the Santa Fe Trail to the south, the Salt Lake (or Central) Route, and the Oregon Trail on the north. Stage lines had been established over these trails, emigrant trains, westward bound, continually braved the hazards they presented and freighting trains belted the distance. Fully 42,000 emigrants crossed the plains in 1849, and at top notch, one big pioneer freighting firm of the West, Russell, Majors & Waddell, employed 6250 big wagons and 75,000 oxen in carting supplies and provision across the continent. Still travel was cumbersome and the transmittal of news was uncertain and slow. Utah was created a territory in September 1850, but the news, conveyed by boat to San Francisco, thence by private messenger to Salt Lake City, was not received until January, 1851.

The impetuosity of the emigrant population of the West acknowledged no barriers to rapid growth and quite early in history, dissatisfaction with conditions raised the question of better means of communication between East and West.

There was an old joke current in those days that a California senator's term might run out while he was en route to the District of Columbia to take up his legislative duties. Be that as it may, it was a California senator who instituted the campaign for establishing better transportation facilities.



In January, 1855, after a trip overland the previous fall, with B. F. Ficklin, manager for Russell, Major & Waddell, as a traveling companion over part of the distance, Senator William Gwin of California introduced a measure in Congress that had for its gist an idea he had gained, while en route, from Mr. Ficklin. That measure contemplated establishing a mail route over the shorter Central Trail, to be kept in operation the entire year. The thought was to place stations at intervals along the route, to post men and superior horses at these stations, and dispatch them back and forth over specific divisions, relaying communications across the continent in both directions at the greatest possible speed.

Like so many good measures, Senator Gwin's bill had to run the gauntlet of criticism, little faith and opposition, only to be shelved at last as impracticable. Some years later it fell to private interests to grasp the idea and demonstrate its efficiency in the operation of the Pony Express. It is really not surprising, however, that the measure met with little favor. Winter conditions and the mountainous regions encountered over the Central Route loomed as impassable barriers to the Congressmen of the day, and all the California Senator's enthusiasm could not convince them. But the question of transportation refused to rest and Congress, in the years that followed, fostered a number of enterprises looking toward improved mail service which were attended with more or less success. By the close of 1859 there were at least six different mail routes leading to the Pacific coast, but the matter of transportation was by no means settled. These mail routes were costing the government \$2,184,696 annually and returning \$339,747.34. Of these lines, the New York and New Orleans Steamship Line, which navigated semi-monthly from New York to San Francisco via the Isthmus of Panama, was the most expensive, withal the most dependable. This service cost \$738,250.00 annually and brought in \$229,979.69. The steamer schedule was four weeks either way, so that news always grew old en route.

In overland transportation, the Butterfield Stage Line held first place. It was inaugurated September 15, 1858, in answer to a call from Congress asking for bids for carrying the entire overland mail, and continued in operation until disrupted by the Civil War, three years later. It operated over a circuitous southerly route covering 2,769 miles.

Not until 1860 was the question of opening up the shorter Central route again brought to issue and then Senator Gwin, still urging the welfare of his state, managed to interest Mr. William Russell, senior partner of the firm employing Mr. Ficklin. Mr. Russell was so convinced by the senator's enthusiasm that he at length gave his pledge to establish the route suggested, probably seeing here an opportunity to demonstrate the efficiency of his firm and perhaps later obtain a subsidy from the Government for carrying the entire overland mail. However, when he faced his partners with the proposition, he met with stern opposition for the hazard, the tremendous outlay involved, and the immensity of the enterprise held out only discouragement to them, but Mr. Russell's pledge was given, and, to their lasting credit, his partners at length agreed to support him in the project. Arrangements then went forward quietly and swiftly and in a short time, all preparations were made. A company was first incorporated and \$100,000.00 went into the business at the outset. Mr. Russell assumed managerial charge

Milwaukee and other cities cleaned up thousands. After making their pool of the bets the gamblers went out through Kentucky and the entire South and got blooded horses. They substituted these at various lines along the route and knew how fast they could go and would bet on these horses which they had substituted. Well, among other things, there was Johnny's great swim across the river during that ride. Johnny's ride was out of St. Joe to Seneca, eighty miles. The ferry boat people had posted a \$3,000 bond to have the ferryboat ready to take Johnny and his horse across, so Johnny never thought anything about it. When he started from the Beatty House in St. Joe, they fired a cannon so's to let the ferry people know he was coming. All the town was out to see him off. But when he got down to the river the boat was on the other side. The gamblers had bribed someone. But that didn't stop that rider. His little mare swam right on across.

"Jim Keetley covered 324 miles in a little less than 24 hours, and Jim Moore, who went 280 miles in 22 hours, were real riders. Those old days are gone now, and they can't bring 'em back either. Nor can they beat that record established by the pony express riders of '61."

#### PASSING OF THE PONY EXPRESS

When two frontier traders on the Carson River kidnapped a couple of young Piute squaws, they precipitated an Indian war which affected the newly established Pony Express line like a blaze on a taut string. Chief Winnemucca's infuriated braves killed the traders and burned the huts above their heads; they then swarmed forth like so many maddened bees to impose vengeance on the whites in general.

The nearest and most innocent of all bystanders were the Pony Expressmen. Some of these escaped with their lives, but others were murdered, their stations burned and their stock taken by the savages. Prospectors in the Pyramid Lake country were slain on sight, and trains of immigrants had the most vicious Indian fights of the journey, one immigrant party being entirely destroyed in a narrow Nevada canyon. Virginia City's women and children were huddled within the half-finished stone walls of a hotel, and every white man in the district joined the determined forces for defense.

In a tremendous effort to prevent the Pony Express line from being broken and frayed out within two months of the time it was first stretched across the mountains, the company bribed and bonused its employees and recruited men and stock for replacement purposes at a great expense. The Mormons, many of whom were engaged in the Pony Express service, sent out their most influential interpreters and frontiersmen as peace makers, and the troops at Camp Floyd policed the line and convoyed the mails as far as the limited garrison could do so.

The Indian signal fires flared from many hills, and the raiding Shoshones, Bannocks, Goshutes and other tribes crept forward in a vicious red circle like a flaming horizon. Major Ormsby and about eighty soldiers from California military posts stormed the hornets at Pyramid Lake and suffered about the same defeat that Custer did; practically the entire command was annihilated, Major Ormsby being among those killed.



June 27, 1860—The Pony Express from the east arrived in this city about 8 p.m. last evening, from Ruby Valley. By it we learn that the Indians attacked and burned Butte Valley station, 23 miles this side of Ruby Valley. This occurred within an hour after Major Egan left that station.

While Mr. Wm. Rogers, who was sent out about two weeks ago by Supt. Forney was distributing his store of blankets and shirts at the front of his wagon, the Indians were stealing behind. Mr. Rogers and his associates shot two of the Indians and when the express left, were defending themselves as best they could.

### PONY EXPRESS CLUB ORGANIZED

At about the time the Pony Express was organized a few of the citizens of Salt Lake City, headed by President Brigham Young and the publishers of the Deseret News, secured about five hundred cash subscribers at ten cents each for the purpose of obtaining a duplicate of the California newspaper service. The Deseret News would publish "extras" on the news of the Civil War by this source of information.

### "THEY CAN'T DO IT," SAYS TOM RANAHAN

The old days of the West may be gone, but they have not been forgotten. "They can't do it! They can't—to save their hides—they can't do it." Tom Ranahan announced when told they were going to hang up a new record to break the one established in 1861, when riders on the pony express negotiated the 2,000 miles between St. Joseph, Mo., and Sacramento in 7 days and 21 hours.

"Shucks," he said to the suggestion that improved roads of today aid the riders to set a better record than in '61. "Through rain, sleet, snow—all kinds of weather—and night and day they rode on. Each rider was supposed to ride for eight hours, but many a time he had to ride all night, if the rider that was to relieve him was sick or had been killed by Injuns or outlaws."

Ranahan then detailed some of the inside incidents attached to the record-breaking ride which was established when President Lincoln's inaugural address was carried westward over the plains.

"A prize of \$5,000 was to be given to the rider who made the best time on his ride and that was Johnny Fry (Frye). Yep, Johnny made the fastest ride. There was no dispute about it. It was a ride, too. What his time was I don't remember, but they'll never beat it. They have the roads, I guess, but they haven't the stuff right here, my boy," he thumped the reporter's leg as he added: "You gotta have the stuff in the leg before you can ride a pony express like we used to in the old days. No sir, they simply ain't growin' calves on their legs like they used to!"

"They started from St. Joe and had stations about every fifteen miles, where the riders would change horses. They had to make ten miles an hour, and the average horse couldn't stand much more than that and last under it. Three minutes was the usual time allowed riders to change horses when they reached these stations. You know, there was a great big swindle about that ride, too. Big gamblers in Chicago, Detroit,

of the Eastern Division between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Salt Lake City, Utah. B. F. Ficklin was given charge of the middle section at Salt Lake City and W. W. Finney was made western manager with headquarters at San Francisco. These men had to work out the route to be traversed, equip it with relay or relief stations provisioned for men and horses, hire dependable men as station keepers and riders and buy high-grade horses. Between St. Joseph and Salt Lake, stations of the company's old stage line could be utilized, but west of Salt Lake, the old Chorpenning Stage Route which had covered the distance to Sacramento, had to be revised and new stations built along the entire course. At Salt Lake, J. C. (Jim) Bromley, J. H. (Doc) Faust, and Major Howard Egan, old stage coach reliables, assisted in revising the route and at Carson City, Nevada, Bolivar Roberts, local superintendent of the Western Division, hired upwards of sixty cool-headed, nervy men, hardened by years of experience in the open. Horses purchased throughout the country were the best money could buy and ranged from tough California mustangs to Thoroughbred stock from Iowa. Many horses were provided by Kimball's Ranch, eighteen miles east of Salt Lake City. They were bought at an average figure of \$200 each—a high price in those days.

When fully equipped, the line comprised 190 stations, about 420 horses, 400 station men and assistants, and some 80 regular riders. These are approximate figures; as the operation of the business proceeded, they varied from time to time. Situated at intervals of about 200 miles along the route were Division Points where extra men, horses and supplies were stationed to provide for possible emergencies. Superintendents in charge of these divisions had considerable authority. Owing to the dangers attendant upon their position, men of heroic and oftentimes desperate character were chosen to act. Notable among this class of men was Jack Slade, who was a good servant of the company but proved to be one of the greatest desperadoes of his day. He had a record of having killed twenty-six men—some in cold blood, and he himself, was at last hanged by the Vigilantes in Virginia City, Nevada.

All preparations were accomplished within two months after Mr. Russell had given his pledge to Senator Gwin and on March 26, 1860, the public was first apprized of arrangements through the following announcement, appearing simultaneously in the New York Herald and St. Louis Republican, "To San Francisco in eight days by the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express. The first courier of the Pony Express will leave the Missouri River on Tuesday, April 3rd, at 5:00 o'clock p.m. and will run regularly weekly thereafter, carrying letter mail only. The point of departure on the Missouri River will be in telegraphic communication with the East and will be announced in due time, etc."

The Managers of the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company had laid their plans well and on April 3, 1860, exactly on schedule, the first rider galloped from the old Pike's Peak Livery Stable at St. Joseph, where many people were gathered in celebration of the occasion, and almost simultaneously a snow-white charger galloped out of Sacramento, California, eastward bound. Thousands of enthusiastic spectators—many incredulous, but all absorbed—cheered the riders on their way and then waited breathlessly and expectantly through the days until the success of the enterprise had received its test. The last rider, westbound, arrived in

Sacramento nine days and 23 hours after the first rider had departed from St. Joseph, and it was an occasion for wild celebration. That run had beat all previous records between the Atlantic and Pacific Coast by 11 days and more than cut the schedule in two. The last rider from the West arrived in St. Joseph 11 days and 12 hours after the first rider had dashed out of Sacramento and was greeted with equal acclaim at the eastern terminus.

The first mail from the East consisted of 85 pieces, including a message of congratulation from President Buchanan, telegraphed from the Capitol to St. Joseph. The eastbound rider carried 75 pieces of mail. A large part of the route of the Express westward from St. Joseph crossed the wildest region of the continent. Along the entire course of about 1966 miles, there were but four military posts and they were 250 and 350 miles apart.

The problem of the Express was to keep the mails continually moving forward at a maximum rate of speed, and the routes chosen, the distances between stations and the rules governing the duties of station keepers and Pony Express riders were all arranged to make this possible. The best horses could not be expected to race at their utmost speed over roads of every kind for more than 10 or 12 miles at a heat, and the best horsemen could not be expected to cover more than three or four heats at one ride, for ordinarily the rider, like the horse, is under constant strain while racing; with this consideration, stations were located 10 or 15 miles apart, with water always convenient, and each rider's division was limited to about 75 miles.

As might be expected, horse and rider traveled light. The combined weight of saddle, bridle, and saddle bags did not exceed 14 pounds; the mail was never to exceed 20 pounds and more often was limited to 15 pounds. The average weight of the riders was 125 pounds, never more than 135 pounds—and his arms were limited to a pair of revolvers and a sheath knife so that his equipment did not add much to the total weight. The horses were ordinarily about 14 hands high and weighed around 900 pounds; they were ponies in no sense of the word, but were so called because of the diminutive "Pony Express" that had been applied to the organization from the outset.

Riders dressed as they saw fit. The average costume consisted of a buckskin shirt, ordinary trousers tucked into high boots and a slouch hat or cap. The mail bags were light leather pouches divided into four compartments which were kept locked and opened only at certain points along the route. Each mail made a through journey in the one pouch.

Employees were under oath always to be on hand for duty while in the employ of the company and it was a station keeper's duty to watch for the approach of the express rider and have a horse saddled and bridled and waiting a half-hour before the rider's arrival. His approach was watched for anxiously; in the daytime, it was indicated by a cloud of dust, easily seen from a distance; in the night time he would make his presence known by a series of lusty whoops.

It was a rule of the company that a rider never fight unless compelled to do so. He was to depend wholly on speed for safety, and time demonstrated that this was the surest means of self-preservation. The horses used by the Pony Express were far superior to the Indian ponies and could easily outdistance them in an even race, while a rider would ordinarily have found himself unequal to any combat. While the valuable mail carried oftentimes

"They are in California, leaping over its golden sands, treading its busy streets. The courser has unrolled to us the great American panorama, allowed us to glance at the home of one million people, and has put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes. Verily the riding is like the riding of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he rideth furiously. Take out your watch. We are eight days from New York, eighteen from London. The race is to the swift."

*The Deseret News*, Wednesday, April 11, 1860—The first Pony Express from the West left Sacramento City, California, at 12 p.m. on the night of the 3rd inst., and arrived in this city at 11:45 p.m. of the 7th, inside of prospectus time. The roads were heavy and the weather stormy. The last 75 miles was made in 5 hours, 15 minutes, in a heavy rain.

The express from East left St. Joseph, Missouri, at 6:30 p.m. on the evening of the 3rd and arrived in this city at 6:25 p.m. on the evening of the 9th. The difference in time between St. Joseph and this city is something near 1 hour and 15 minutes, bringing us within six days communication with the frontier, and seven days from Washington—a result which we Utonians, accustomed to receive news three months after date, can well appreciate.

Much credit is due the enterprising and persevering originators of this enterprise and although a telegraph is very desirable, we feel well satisfied with this achievement for the present.

The weather has been disagreeable and stormy for the past week and in every way calculated to retard the operations of the company, and we are informed the express eastward from this place was five hours in going to Snyder's mill, a distance of twenty-five miles.

We are indebted to Mr. W. H. Russell for a copy of the St. Joseph Daily Gazette printed expressly for Utah and California, with dates from Washington and New York to the evening of the 2nd, and from St. Joseph to 6 p.m. of the 3rd instant.

The probability is, the express will be a little behind time in reaching Sacramento this trip, but when the weather becomes settled and the roads good, we have no doubt they will be able to make the trip in less than ten days.

June 1, 1860—The Pony Express from the West arrived here last evening about fifteen minutes past seven o'clock. There is no communication yet open with Carson and California, and prospects of continuing the route open between this and Ruby Valley are rather doubtful.

June 20, 1860—The express from the west, which left California May 25th arrived Tuesday the 19th, at quarter past 10 a.m. and immediately left for the States. The Indians are still troublesome, annoying the stations in front and rear of the troops. Part of the troops were stationed at Shell Creek and Ruby Valley and the balance went on west with the mail as an escort, in company with Major Egan. Mr. Morrell, postmaster of this city, with a company of others, with the mail, had arrived at Ruby Valley from California, and the mail is expected here in the course of a few days.

immediately quit the Territory. But to every man's imagination was it left to mentally dispose of "Camp Floyd," "Fort Bridger," the supposed abundant stock of provision and war material, and the thousands of necessities and conveniences of camp and garrison life, which the Utah Army brought with it to the Great Basin, to say nothing of the recently executed contracts for large supplies of wood, hay, straw and grain, and the current little expedition to Ruby Valley and vicinity, to impress upon the predatory Redmen a sense of his proper littleness, and of the impolicy of making enemies of his white brother. These troops must be withdrawn, and if the pony and the mail are then uncertain, why our *protem* Governor must call upon the militia of the Territory, for everybody wishes the Central route to be kept open. By the by, there is a talk in town that our said Governor declares he will forward to Washington an official protest against the withdrawal of the troops from Utah. Well anyway, so that they may be where they are most needed.

The troops gone, grain will be lower here. Pike's Peak, Carson and the Colorado, will be the only outside markets, and those very distant, and in most part elsewhere supplied. Boanerges (sic) will thunder right lustily against the exportation of breadstuffs to those markets; but when there is any bread to be spared, it has a wilful habit of straying off, even to very remote points, in quest of the glittering ore, and most likely will continue to manifest that proclivity, in spite of exhortation or anathema.

They will be likely to come down to the old figures of \$10 per ton in the city, and \$5 in the country; and straw, except in the city, will be had for the hauling, as in ancient times in Utah. The express and daily mail animals will be the only extra customers, and even in this case not a few persons express their apprehensions that the exigencies of the times will, ere long, militate against the faultless performances of that desirable public service. Let us hope to the contrary, else indeed we here shall be tetotally secluded from the world outside, and cut off from intelligence of its thoughts and deeds, its weal and woe.

Then again, money being consequently much scarcer, drygoods and groceries will begin to be exceedingly shy of the Territory, and the "Saints" old and young, will therefore be pinched in a sore place. "Valley Tan," another word for *homespun*, will be the word. The strippling must fall back on 'lasses candy, the old lady must dry her rose leaves, or some other leaves, for tea, and parch her barley, peas or parsnips for coffee; while her equally afflicted better-half must adopt the Indian's substitute for the delectable weed, or cultivate that weed for his own private use.

*The St. Joseph Free Democrat*—"Take down your map and trace the footprints of our quadrupedal animal: From St. Joseph, on the Missouri, to San Francisco, on the Golden Horn—two thousand miles—more than half the distance across our boundless continent; through Kansas, through Nebraska, by Fort Kearney, along the Platte; by Fort Laramie, past the Buttes, over the Rocky Mountains, through the narrow passes and along the steep defiles, Utah, Fort Bridger, Salt Lake City, he witches Brigham with his swift pony-ship—through the valleys, along the grassy slopes, into the snow, into sand, faster than Thor's Thialfi, away they go, rider and horse—did you see them?

made the riders the prey of unscrupulous white men, the Indians were not attracted by the mail but were governed in their pursuits by mere deviltry, or a desire to gain the fleet-footed ponies as a prize. One rider was killed on a run and his horse escaped with the mail, so that its journey was accomplished to destination.

The patrons of the Pony Express were chiefly newspaper men, commercial houses and the Government. The high rate of postage precluded its use for frivolous correspondence. Letters were written on the thinnest procurable tissue paper rolled in pencil rolls to economize space and, in transit, they were carefully wrapped in oil skin before being inserted in the compartments of the mail pouch, for their protection against moisture from stormy weather, fording streams or perspiring animals.

The postal charges were at first \$5.00 for each one-half ounce letter, but this rate was afterwards reduced by the Postoffice Department to \$1.00 for each one-half ounce. Pony Express riders are said to have obtained an average salary of from \$100 to \$125 a month, which was good money in those days, but one rider, still living, quotes the salary of \$400 a year with board furnished. Station men and their assistants received from \$50 to \$100 monthly.

The schedule of ten days across the continent was carefully kept, but on occasions, better time was made. On such occasions, enthusiastic business men in California made up purses as added compensation to the brave riders. President Buchanan's farewell message was speeded to the West in seven days, 19 hours, news of Lincoln's election in eight days, and Lincoln's inaugural address was rushed through in the wonderfully short time of seven days and 17 hours. This last run holds the world's record for dispatch by means of men and horses.

A passing in review of some of the principal actors in the operation of the Pony Express cannot fail to stir the admiration and interest. There were the promoters, whose stories could fill many a page of romantic history. There was Senator William Gwin, for instance, who initiated the enterprise. Then there was the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, who put the project through. They were respected throughout the West where they had built up an enormous business in freighting and mail carrying, for their integrity and enterprise. Next came the men they employed. When these men entered the service of the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express, they were obliged to take an oath of fidelity, which ran as follows:

"I....., do hereby swear, before the Great and Living God, that during my engagement, and while I am an employee of Russell, Majors and Waddell, I will under no circumstances, use profane language; that I will drink no intoxicating liquors; that I will not quarrel or fight with any other employee of the firm, and that in every respect, I will conduct myself honestly, be faithful to my duties, and so direct all my acts as to win the confidence of my employers. So help me God."

During the 16 months of the Pony Express, the riders, assisted always by faithful station keepers, traveled 650,000 miles through all sorts of hazards and all sorts of weather conditions and, with one exception, they stuck grimly to their responsibility. Carrying out their schedule became religion with them. Their grim determination in the face of difficulties



places them in the rank of heroes, yet heroism with them was never a self-conscious trait.

In October, 1861, when the telegraph line from Placerville, California, on the west and from the Missouri River on the east met at Salt Lake City, the Pony Express passed into history, but it left behind it a record unsurpassed for enterprise, romance and adventure. If it could have continued longer, it would undoubtedly have paid financially, but its short career left a big deficit. Final statements showed that \$700,000 had been expended with a return of only \$500,000.

It seems strange that although the Government was expending millions of dollars in fostering less successful mail routes, not one cent was advanced in the interest of Pony Express. The company bore the brunt of the whole loss. The only time the Government entered into the transaction was when it reduced the rate of postage from \$5.00 to \$1.00 per half ounce.

In 1861 the Company's holdings were sold to Ben Holladay and his successful handling of the overland mail is a story in itself. Many of the employees of the Pony Express continued in his service and many are heard of in connection with the later company, the Wells Fargo Express, which continued in operation until the World War when it was absorbed by The American Railway Express.

—Published by Union Pacific R. R., 1937.

#### RIDERS OF THE PONY EXPRESS

It is difficult to make a complete and accurate list of all the men who rode the Pony Express between April 3, 1860 and October 24, 1861, from Sacramento, California to St. Joseph, Missouri. The company's lists were not preserved; and many emergencies arose when extra men were employed for short runs; others delivered the mail on horseback, about the same time, but, who were not riders for the Pony Express. As far as known, the roster for the Express riders, including substitutes, follows:

Alcott, James	Carlyle, Alex	Frye (Frey) Johnny
Aubrey, F. X.	Cliff, Charley	Fisher, John
Avis, Henry	Cliff, Gus	Fisher, William
Bank, James W.	Carr, William	Faust, J. H.
Barnell, James	Cates, William A.	Gardner, (Irish)
Baughn, Melville	Clark, James	George
Beatley, James (Foote)	Carrigan, William	Gould, Frank
Becker, Charles	Cumbo, James	Gilson, James
Black, Thomas	Cleve, Richard	Gilson, Samuel
Brink, J. W.	Crawford, Jack	Gentry, James
Boulton, William	Dean, Louis	Hamilton, Samuel
Bucklin, James	Donovan, Joseph	Haslam, Robert
Burnett, John	Dorrington, W. E.	Hamilton, William
Brown, Hugh	Dobson, Thomas	Helvey, Frank
"Boston"	Drumheller, Daniel	Hickok, James B.
"Black Sam"	Dunlap, James E.	(Wild Bill)
Cody, Wm. F.	Egan, Howard R.	Hogan, Martin
Clarke, Richard W.	Egan, Richard R.	Holladay, Ben
Campbell, William	Ellis, J. K.	Huntington, Let

by Judge Cradlebaugh. J. G. Kelley had varied experiences and is now fifty-four years of age, an eminent mining engineer and mineralogist, residing in Denver, Colorado.

These riders were hired for Pony Express at salaries varying from \$50 to \$150 per month, the riders receiving the highest pay of any below executive rank.

The first trip rider was Harry Roff, to Placerville; "Boston" across the Sierras; Sam Hamilton rode through Geneva, Carson City, Dayton, and Reed's Station to Ft. Churchill, 75 miles in all; with Major Egan riding from Camp Floyd to Salt Lake City.

*Ruby Valley*—Frederick William Hurst kept a Pony Express station in Ruby Valley, Nevada, about 375 miles west of Salt Lake City. There he had many thrilling experiences and narrow escapes from the Indians, who were very hostile. At one time his was the only station for many miles around that was not burned down by the Indians. This fate would have been his, also, had he not shown many kindnesses to the Indians. The winter he was at Ruby Valley was so severe that Indians were dying by the hundreds. The station keeper could not look upon this condition with indifference, and contrary to instructions, he would mix flour into a paste similar to Hawaiian poi and set it outside at night for the starving Indians. It provided a great blessing to the Indians and to himself, for those he befriended warned him of attacks and proper defense was secured.

—Ardis Hurst Bird, Bannock County.

*The Indian Wars in Nevada* cost proprietors of the Pony Express about \$75,000. Probably Howard E. Egan was important in Nevada because Egan Canyon was named after him. Egan rode for Chorpenning's pioneer mail service between Salt Lake City and Sacramento in the early 1850's, and thus demonstrated the practicability of this more direct route as a substitute for the Humboldt River route, previously used for carrying the mail. He made the transfer in 1855. Ruins now mark the site of the Egan Canyon Pony Express station. This section was particularly difficult for its isolation encouraged Indians to bold forays. It was rumored that the Indians here used golden bullets, and later discoveries seemed to confirm this story. After the Pyramid Indian War, May 11, 1860, the Pony Express service was interrupted for ten days. Fort Churchill was established in Nevada, May 26, 1860. Every station was reported broken up as far as Dry Creek and Simpson Park in present Eureka County. Walter Crowinshield of Nevada assisted in restocking the road after the Indian war.

—Nevada State Historical Society.

#### PONY EXPRESS CLIPPINGS

*The New York Times*, Tuesday, June 25, 1861—Correspondence, Great Salt Lake City, Friday, May 31, 1861.

Wednesday's "pony" brought intelligence of the fact that the United States troops in Utah have orders to march to Washington to be in readiness to take part in the momentous struggle now initiated in the East. As may be expected, all sorts of speculations immediately arose on the subject. The meager telegram merely said the troops were to

## TOOELE COUNTY AND THE PONY EXPRESS

Today across western and southern Tooele County there winds an almost deserted trail, the trail of the Pony Express through this country. Ten of the twenty-five Utah Pony Express Stations were located in Tooele County, namely: Ibapah, Burnt Canyon, Willow Springs, Dugway, River Bed, Simpson Springs, Look Out Pass, Faust, and Five-Mile Pass.

This Pony Express trail through Tooele County constituted probably the most desolate, uninhabited and dangerous sections of the entire run. Covering mostly desert country and Indian-infested territory, it tested the courage of riders, station keepers and horses. There are many interesting stories, long forgotten, of the experiences of these men who rode this dusty trail.

Faust Station was one of the main stations where horses and riders were exchanged. There remains very little today to remind the infrequent visitor passing over this trail that it served as part of the connecting link between the east and west. At Faust Station the Pioneer Trails Association erected, in 1935, a monument to mark the site of the old Pony Express Station there. At Dugway, one of the United States' largest proving grounds was erected during World War II. At Look Out Pass, one of Porter Rockwell's favorite haunts, a monument has been erected to mark the site of Libby Rockwell's unique Dog Cemetery. At Simpson's Springs the same mountain spring furnishes cool water for the weary traveler as it did in 1860. Beyond these landmarks the old trail is quite deserted.

Very little can be learned of the riders who rode this route. From a newspaper clipping in the *Salt Lake Tribune*, dated August 11, 1935, mention is made that Richard Erastus Egan, son of Major Howard Egan, carried the mail for sixteen months from Salt Lake to Faust station.

—Myrl Porter.

## PONY EXPRESS IN NEVADA

In the spring of 1860, Bolivar Roberts, superintendent of the Western Division of the Pony Express, came to Carson City, Nevada, which was then in St. Mary's County, Utah, to engage riders and station men for a pony express route about to be established across the great plains by Russell, Majors & Waddell. In a few days fifty or sixty men were engaged, and started out across the Great American Desert to establish stations, etc. Among that number were the following: Bob Haslam "Pony Bob," Jay G. Kelley, Sam Gilson, Jim Gilson, Jim McNaughton, Bill McNaughton, Jose Zowgaltz, Mike Kelley, Jimmy Buckton, and "Irish Tom." At present "Pony Bob" is living on "the fat of the land" in Chicago. Sam and Jim Gilson are mining in Utah, and all of the old "Pony" boys will rejoice to know they are now millionaires. The new mineral, gilsonite, was discovered by Sam Gilson. Mike Kelley is mining in Austin, Nevada; Jimmy Buckton, "Black Sam," and the McNaughton boys are dead. William Carr was hanged in Carson City, for the murder of Bernard Cherry, his unfortunate death being the culmination of a quarrel begun months before, at Smith Creek Station. His was the first legal hanging in the Territory, the sentence being passed

Higginbotham, Charles  
Jobe, Sam S.  
Jones, William  
Jay, David R.  
James, William  
Jenkins, William D.  
Keetley, Jack H.  
Kelley, Mike  
Kelley, Jay G.  
King, Thomas O.  
Koerner, John P.  
Little, George Edwin  
Littleton, "Tough"  
"Little Yank"  
Maxfield, Elijah H.  
Miller, Chas. B.  
Murphy, J. H.  
Moore, James  
Macoulas, Sye  
Martin, Robert  
Maze, Montgomery  
McNaughton, James  
McNaughton, William

McCain, Emmett  
McCall, J. G.  
McEneaney, Pat  
McDonald, James  
Page, William  
Perkins, G. Wash  
Pridham, William  
Reynolds, Charles A.  
Richardson, William J.  
Richardson, H.  
Rand, Theodore  
Rising, Don C.  
Riles, Batholomew  
Roberts, Boliver  
Roff, Harry L.  
Rush, Edward  
Reynolds, Thomas J.  
Randall, James  
Ranahan, Thomas  
Serish, Joe  
Streeper, William H.  
Shanks, James  
Strohm, William

Sinclair, John  
Sangiovonni, G. G.  
Seerbeck, John  
Slade, Jack  
Spurr, George  
Strickland, Robert C.  
Thatcher, George  
Tuckett, Henry  
Towne, George  
Tough, W. S.  
Thompson, Charles P.  
Toponce, Alexander  
Upson, Warren  
Wallace, Henry  
Westcott, Don  
Whalen, Michael  
"Whipsaw"  
Worley, Henry  
Wilson, Nick  
Wintle, Joseph B.  
Willis, H. C.  
Zogwalt, Jose

## STORIES OF THE PONY EXPRESS

There is some question as to who was the first Pony Express rider to leave St. Joseph, Missouri, at 6:30 in the evening of April 3, 1860, dash to the river, up the gangplank of the waiting ferry and away to the West! Some claim that it was John Frey and some that it was another rider; but, in a letter to Huston Wyeth, a native of St. Joseph, J. H. Keetley, the third rider on that memorable occasion, gives the honor to Alex Carlyle. George A. Fisher writes about Mr. Keetley as follows: "As a boy I remember him very well during the years he superintended the construction of the Ontario Drain Tunnel here. It was this which prompted us to name this town (which I built and still own) after Mr. Keetley. He was a great lover of horses and owned some good racing stock."

Mr. Keetley's letter follows:

"Dear Sir:—Yours of the 17th inst. received, and in reply will say that Alex Carlyle was the first man to ride the Pony Express out of St. Joe. He was a nephew of the superintendent of the stage line to Denver, called the 'Pike's Peak Express.' The superintendent's name was Ben Fickland. Carlyle was a consumptive, and could not stand the hardships and retired after about two months trial, and died within about six months after retiring. John Frey was the second rider, and I was the third, and Gus Cliff was the fourth. I made the longest ride without a stop, only to change horses. It was said to be 300 miles, and was done a few minutes inside of twenty-four hours. I do not vouch for the distance being correct, as I only have it from the division superintendent, A. E. Lewis, who said that the distance



The Pony Express—Avard Fairbanks, Sculptor

at the management, his audience cheered. The Ute Indians rubbed the tops of their heads, which in the language of the western Indians means, 'all crazy.'

"To change their minds, Slade asked Ma-Ce-Sa, the chief, to entertain the group with a war dance. After the braves tired of dancing, Lottia Crabtree sang the songs so dearly loved by men of the Old West, many tears glistened in the eyes of the hardened westerners. Silence settled over the group as the singing proceeded. The Indians, unable to understand the singing were silent, while white men bowed their heads to old songs, which brought boyhood memories to them after many hard years in the mountains.

"A rattle of bars dropping, brought the group to their feet as a mounted man leading a saddled pony raced east from the station to meet the incoming westbound express rider. As they met, the rider with the fresh mount turned and raced along side of the incoming pony and rider. The express rider was seen to reach over, snap two saddle bags behind the light saddle of the fresh mount, hand the wrangler a small package and giving a slight twist he was in the saddle of the fresh mount. With a wave of the hand he disappeared around the point, into the west, over a cut-off which was considered too narrow for the cumbersome stages, which must go miles around to reach Salt Lake City.

"Slade excused himself and in a few minutes was seen talking to three men that had ridden up from the south. The leader of the three men was recognized as Ike Potter, who held considerable influence over the red men. It was feared he was attempting to encourage a raid on the settlements along the Weber River. He was later shot and killed at Coalville, Utah, while attempting to escape guards on the night of August 1, 1867.

"As Potter rode away, five men who had been watching from an old log building, went back to their card game that they had been carrying on for the past few days. Slade was the only person at the station that knew these five men were there. They were there for a purpose. The 'Racket Gang' was taking too heavy a toll on the company's money and he had been called in to stop it. Horses would disappear from the company's corrals, a sizeable reward would be posted and a few hours later the horses would be returned and the reward collected. There are a number of unmarked graves in Echo Canyon. No doubt, some of them hold the bodies of the 'Racket Gang' who found the Pony Express and stage horses a good source of income and walked into Slade's trap. The very few pioneers who remain that knew Slade, have nothing to say against him. He knew human nature and was well liked."

George Bromley, pioneer prospector and trapper, who was born at the Old Weber Station said: "The large number of killings blamed to Slade are, no doubt, fictional. Slade was not a killer at heart. However, he was dangerous in a gun fight, as he was a dead shot and had a steel nerve. I believe the large number of killings charged to him were, no doubt, victims of agents hired to guard property of the Overland Stage Company, hired by Slade and working under his orders."

Tom Riverton said: "Slade, although a walking arsenal, was always a gentleman and a good entertainer."

—Dick Clayton, Coalville, Utah.



"Tom Riverton, while talking to Jim Bridger, years ago was told that a log cabin was erected in 1847 by Weber, Smith, Brown, and himself on the ground where the old stone station was erected later. In 1848, Smith and Weber started another building that was the main building used by the stages and Pony Express is thought to have been built in 1853. The property was first owned by Russell, Majors and Waddell, however, it was called Weber Station.

"During one summer, Lottia Crabtree and her show troupe were detained at the station until a wheelwright could repair the stage which had been wrecked while rounding a curve in the canyon. The group which sat at the breakfast table with them that morning were later to become famous in western history, and known as the West's most daring pioneers, long after the stages and Pony Express had completed their work and gave way to spinning drivers of railroad trains.

"Captain Jack Slade, Superintendent of the Overland Stage Line, sat at the head of the table smiling and telling of past experiences while an agent for the Overland Stage Company. Mark Twain sat at his left in stunned silence, as if unable to believe the good-natured and entertaining young man was the reputed killer whose name struck fear in the hearts of outlaws. When Lottia Crabtree passed her autograph album—which was a great fad in the early sixties—the names registered in the album read: Jack Slade, Fort Sedgwick, Colorado, Superintendent, Overland Stages; W. A. Hub, stage driver, Fort Bridger, Wyoming Territory; Lew Mackelvine, horse wrangler, Weber Station, Utah; LeRoy Shackelbean, chief cook, Weber Station, Utah; Dan Snyderham, barn boss, Weber Station, Utah; William Bellamy, wagon maker and wheelwright, Fort Bridger, Wyoming Territory; Fiddler Smith, fur trapper, Fort Bridger, Wyoming Territory; Tom Brown, hunter and trapper, Fort Bridger, Wyoming Territory; Sa-Ca-Ja-Wea, basket weaver (this old Indian woman, then close to the century mark in years, was said to have been with the Lewis and Clark expedition); Ma-Se-Sa, Ute Chief. (The names of the Indians were written in the album by Slade); Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens), traveling author, Carson City, Nevada; Andy Whitewood, traveler, Carson City, Nevada.

"After the show troupe's albums were signed, Whitewood gave a short talk on the gold camps. Mark Twain said it was the best talk he had heard on gold, writing it into a newspaper article, he forwarded it to a New York paper.

"Jack Slade, always a good entertainer, gave a humorous talk on the different people traveling over the Overland Stage route, during his term as superintendent. He told of the 'Play Killings,' which caused the green travelers to tremble with fear, often pulled off by stage drivers and wranglers for the traveler's benefit. Explaining that these 'Play Killings' were often written up afterwards as real, which caused eastern people to suppose that eight men out of ten were shot in the west each year.

"Mark Twain arose to the occasion, giving a reply to Slade's talk. Telling how passengers were carried over the Overland route, in the old leather spring rocking coaches. With his long hair waving, he gave so humorous an imitation of the lurching and bouncing accorded the passengers enroute, his listeners were thrown into a fit of laughter. Slade laughed the heartiest of all. As Twain's talk turned to good-natured jibes

given was taken by his English roadmeter which was attached to the front wheel of his buggy which he used to travel over his division with, and which was from St. Joe to Fort Kearney. The ride was made from Big Sandy to Ellwood, opposite St. Joe, carrying the eastgoing mail, and returning with the westbound mail to Seneca without a stop, not taking time to eat, but eating my lunch as I rode. No one else came within sixty miles of equaling this ride, and their time was much slower. The Pony Express, if I remember correctly, started at 6 o'clock p.m., April 3, 1860, with Alex Carlyle riding a nice brown mare, and the people came near taking all the hair out of the poor beast's tail for souvenirs. His ride was to Guittard's, 125 miles from St. Joe. He rode this once a week. The mail started as a weekly delivery, and then was increased to semi-weekly inside of two months. The horses, or relays, were supposed to be placed only ten miles apart, and traveled a little faster than ten miles per hour so as to allow time to change, but this could not always be done, as it was difficult then in the early settlement of the country to find places where one could get feed and shelter for man and beast, and sometimes horses had to go twenty-five to thirty miles, but in such cases there were more horses placed at such stations to do the work, and they did not go as often as the horses on the shorter runs. At the start the men rode from 100 to 125 miles, but after the semi-weekly started, they rode about 75 to 80 miles. My ride and those of the other boys out of St. Joe was 125 miles, to Guittard's, but later we only rode to Seneca, eighty miles. The first pony started from the one-story brick express office on the east side of Third Street, between Felix and Edmond streets, but the office was afterwards moved to the Patee House.

"At 7:00 o'clock a.m. we were ordered from the stables two blocks east of the Patee House which was the signal for the ferry boat to come from Ellwood and to lie in waiting at the landing until our arrival. We rode into the office and put on the mail, which consisted of four small leather sacks six by twelve inches, fastened onto a square holder which was put over the saddle. The sacks were locked with little brass locks much like one sees today on dog collars, and the sacks were sewed to the holder, one in front and one behind each leg of the rider. When the mail was put on, and the rider mounted on his race horse, which was always used out of St. Joe to the Troy Station, nine miles from Ellwood, he bounded out of the office door and down the hill at full speed, when the cannon was fired again to let the boat know that the pony had started, and it was then that all St. Joe, great and small were on the sidewalks to see the pony go by, and particularly so on the route that they knew the pony was sure to take. We always rode out of town with silver mounted trappings decorating both man and horse and regular uniforms with plated horn, pistol, scabbard, and belt, etc., and gay flower-worked leggings and plated jingling spurs resembling, for all the world, a fantastic circus rider. This was all changed, however, as soon as we got on the boat. We had a room in which to change and to leave the trappings until our return. If we returned in the night, a skiff or yawl was always ready and a man was there to row us across the river, and to put the horse in a little stable on the bank opposite St. Joseph. Each rider had a key to the stable. The next day we would go to the boat, cross the river, bring our regular horse and our trappings across to the St. Joe side. We stayed in St. Joe about three days and in Seneca about the same length of

time, but this depended pretty much on the time that we received the mail from the West. The Pony Express was never started with a view to making it a paying investment. It was a put-up job to change the then Overland mail route which was running through Arizona on the southern route, to run by way of Denver and Salt Lake City, where Ben Holladay had a stage line running tri-weekly to Denver and weekly to Salt Lake.

"The object of the Pony Express was to show the authorities at Washington that by way of Denver and Salt Lake to Sacramento was the shortest route, and the job worked successfully, and Ben Holladay secured the mail contract from the Missouri River to Salt Lake, and the old southern route people took it from Salt Lake to Sacramento. As soon as this was accomplished and the contract awarded, the pony was taken off, it having fulfilled its mission. Perhaps the war also had much to do with changing the route at that time.—Yours truly, J. H. Keetley."

The first riders from the West starting on the same day, April 3, 1860, at midnight, have been reported as follows:

Harry Roff: 80 miles, Sacramento to Placerville.

"Boston": 34 miles to Friday's Station.

Sam Hamilton: 75 miles to Genoa, Carson City, Dayton, Reed's Station and Fort Churchill.

Robert Haslam: 120 miles to Smith Creek.

Jay G. Kelley: 116 miles to Ruby Valley.

H. Richardson: 105 miles to Deep Creek.

George Thatcher: 80 miles to Camp Floyd.

Major Howard Egan: 50 miles to Salt Lake City.

James Beatley, sometimes known as "Foote," rode from Big Sandy to Seneca, on the eastern route.

William Boulton is known as the man who, through an injury to his horse, was forced to abandon his pony and carry the mail on foot to the next station.

Melville Baughn, also an eastern rider, once had his pony stolen while on the route. He followed the thief for some distance, procured his animal and returned to his station. He finished his trip only a few hours late.

William Campbell—The story of this young Irish lad still in his teens, who as a Pony Express rider made the 95 mile run between Fort McPherson and Fort Kearney is of great interest; on one occasion he was chased by a pack of wolves that pursued him until the lights of the station could be seen. It is said that young Campbell took a poisoned ox a mile or so out on the trail and left it to freeze. Some time afterwards he found a dozen dead wolves near the carcass of the ox. These he skinned and received the sum of \$50 for the hides.

Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)—Among the most noted and daring riders of the Pony Express was Hon. William F. Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, whose reputation is now established the world over. While engaged in the express service, his route lay between Red Buttes and Three

care. And I had become again absorbed with the scene about, when for the second time I was roused with a voice at rear. Not, however, this time as the voice of a friend, but foe. 'Eep! E-ee-yeep! Yeek!' rank out in a succession of fierce articulations, what seemed indeed the yells of the Shoshone upon my track! It being known, too, that the Indians were becoming gradually hostile, with the growth of the grass, the idea impressed me with such force as to leave upon my mind little doubt that I was indeed followed by warriors—fierce and savage. I had, too, after somewhat of a race, selected my ground for a stand, and was about to throw myself upon the ground, behind the shelter of my pony, when my eye, for the first, caught fairly sight of my pursuer. It was Dave, the express boy, whom we had left at the mouth of the Canyon, and who, mounted upon his Kentucky racer, now bounded from point to point along the path behind, swinging aloft his free arm, and yelling, as it were the veritable Aborigine himself! Nor had I been alone deceived. For my conductors in advance, catching also the yells, had, like the good boys they were, wheeled suddenly, and were now charging down from the opposite direction, to the rescue of the 'Captain.' Within a moment Kentucky came up, glorious with the free stretch afforded him, and sweeping past with no further recognition from his rider than the continued yells, was soon far up the canyon. Hurrying onward now ourselves, we soon greeted Dave at the station—a mere structure of slabs, to keep the wolves off—there Kentucky was to rest over, and another horse be taken. Dave laughed at our fears, but soon shifting his saddle, mail and all attached in a pocket, was away upon his quest."

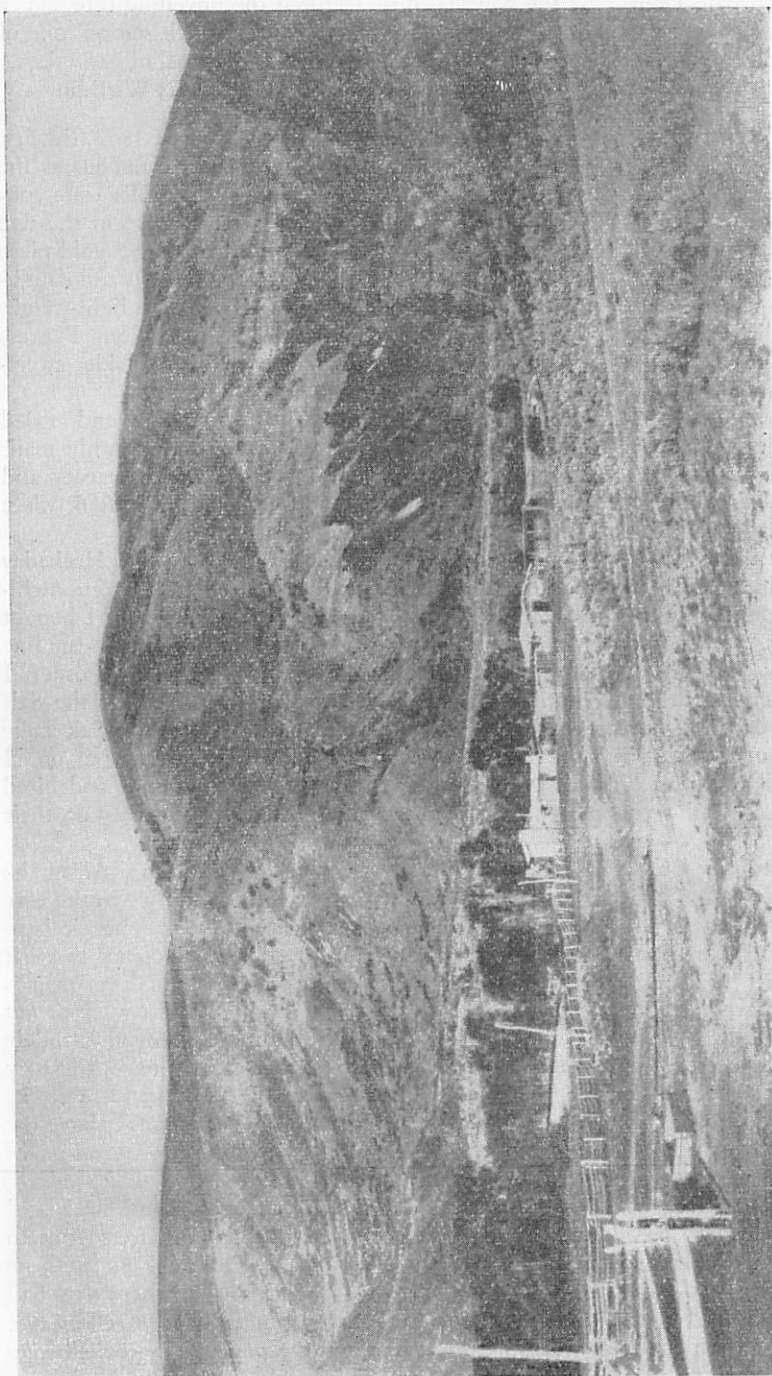
Mark Twain and Jack Slade Entertain at Weber Stage Station—The razing of the old Weber stage station and the death of William Westcott, pioneer Overland Stage driver in Salt Lake City, marks two more victories for Father Time in his attempt to remove old historic landmarks, the daring Pony Express riders and Stage Coach drivers who carried the U. S. Mail across the plains.

Tom Riverton, a resident of Gering, Nebraska, was well acquainted with the stage route in the early sixties and especially so with the Weber Stage station. Telling of former friends among whom were Jim Bridger, Jim Baker, James P. Beckwourth, Brigham Young, Ezra Meeker and a list of famous war chiefs, who roamed the eastern states in the early sixties, he says:

"Where Weber stage station was built, in the mouth of Echo Canyon is so narrow, in fact so narrow that engineers are hard pressed to accommodate two lines of the Union Pacific and the two coast-to-coast highways which intersect at its mouth. In early days all travelers passed Weber station.

"A large tribe of Ute Indians camped near the station, but were never hostile to the whites. They joined in the merriment, giving war dances for the amusement of the old settlers and the terror of the tenderfoot. Many a visitor to the west experienced chills as braves danced and circled the station with knives and tomahawks waving, giving war whoops that chilled the blood of more experienced westerners.

"The oldest pioneers living today in the vicinity of Weber station cannot remember who built the first building in this spot, which later was used as a relay station for stages and Pony Express.



Weber Pony Express Station

Crossings, a distance of 116 miles. It was a most dangerous, long, and lonely trail, including the perilous crossing of the North Platte River, one-half mile wide, and though generally shallow, in some places twelve feet deep, often much swollen and turbulent. An average of fifteen miles an hour had to be made, including changes of horses, detours for safety, and time for meals. Once, upon reaching Three Crossings, he found that the rider on the next division, who had a route of 76 miles, had been killed during the night before, and he was called on to make the extra trip until another rider could be employed. This was a request, the compliance with which would involve the most taxing labors and an endurance few persons are capable of; nevertheless, young Cody was promptly on hand for the additional journey, and reached Rocky Ridge, the limit of the second route on time. This round trip of 384 miles was made without a stop, except for meals and to change horses, and every station on the route was entered on time. This is one of the longest and best ridden Pony Express journeys ever made.

*Captain Thomas Dobson* emigrated to Utah in 1856 and crossed the plains in Edward Martin's handcart company, walking barefooted from the Sweetwater in Wyoming to Salt Lake City. In the spring of 1860 he entered the employ of the Western Mail Line under Major Egan, and rode Pony Express between Ruby Valley, Nevada, and Deep Creek, Utah, a distance of 116 miles, and he was obliged to make the round trip without any rest. One of the most thrilling experiences of those days was in the summer of 1860. The hostility of the Indians along the line of the mail route was very pronounced, so much so, that a company of soldiers was sent from Camp Floyd to escort the mail. They had a brush with the redskins at Egans Canyon, and about 12 hours later, the two express riders, Captain Dobson and James Cumbo, passed that way. Some lurking Indians spied them and at once started in pursuit. Luckily they were only armed with bows and arrows, with which, however, they were able to make it very hot for the white boys, sometimes cutting so close to their heads that they could feel, or thought they could feel, the breeze from the flying shafts. After a run of twenty miles, the curtains of night fell, and the two boys secured a mule each and spent the night retracing their steps. In the succeeding autumn Captain Dobson was transferred to the eastern road, running between Salt Lake and Pacific Springs, Wyoming. He remained with the company until 1862 when he drove a mule team to Los Angeles for George Crismon. This trip was fraught with dangers and hardships and effectually cured his appetite for more such excitement.—Addie Quigley Williams.

*Major Howard Egan* was born June 15, 1815, in Kings County, Ireland. In 1843 he moved to Nauvoo where he joined the Mormon Church. He was driven with the Saints from his home in Nauvoo, and later joined the Mormon Battalion. He was one of the 1847 pioneers and received his title as "Major" while belonging to the famous Nauvoo Legion. When the Pony Express line was first talked of he was one of the first riders chosen from Salt Lake. The following excerpts from the Egan Family History, published under the title of *Pioneering the West*, tell much of his life and work as a Pony Express rider.



*The Egan Trail*—Quoting from Bancroft's History of Utah, pages 751-2: "Between Utah and California there were three principal lines of travel—the northern, the central and southern. The first skirted the northern edge of Great Salt Lake and thence after crossing an intervening stretch of desert, followed the valley of the Humboldt and Carson River, being in fact, almost identical with Fremont's route of 1845. Notwithstanding its length, it was still preferred by travelers, as grass and water were fairly plentiful, with only two small tracts of desert land to contend with. (The southern route has been fully given in Father's Diary of 1849-50, in preceding article No. 27.)

"The central route, better known to the settlers of Utah by the name of Egan's Trail, and to California-bound emigrants as the Simpson route, though the two were by no means coincident, varied but a few miles from 40 degrees north latitude, until reaching Hastings pass in the Humboldt mountains where it branched off in a southwesterly direction toward Carson lake and river, and from Carson City south to Genoa. The south route was by way of the Sevier, Santa Clara, Virgin, Las Vegas, Indian rivers to San Bernardino.

"In 1859 J. H. Simpson, of the topographical engineers, received instructions from General Johnston to explore the great Basin, with a view to find a desert route from Camp Floyd to Genoa, in Carson valley. For about 300 miles his route was identical with Egan's except for a few unimportant deviations, but soon after reaching Ruby Valley it tended more toward the south. Egan's line was preferred, however, as on the one taken by Simpson grass and water were scarce."

He writes the following about his searching out the Egan Trail: "July 4th—Started in the stage to Placerville on the way to Salt Lake; stopped at South Fork of American River. July 5th, stopped at Lake Valley, ate supper at Gold Canyon, traveled all night and stopped at Savin's to breakfast. July 6th, crossed the twenty-six mile desert, stopped near Rag Town and started over the forty-mile desert at 7:30. July 7th, traveled over the desert. July 8th, arrived at the sink of the Humboldt. Started at 11 a.m. and came thirty-five miles and stopped for supper. Started at 10 p.m. and traveled all night. July 9th, about 4 a.m. stopped to feed. Started at 8 a.m. and arrived at the trading post about 11 a.m. Left the Indian Tecumseh at this point. Camped at 9 p.m. July 10th, started about 4 a.m. and spent the day in hunting the Beckwith trail. This evening three of the mules ran off. Spent the night hunting them. July 11th, this morning I found the mules and started at 7:30 a.m., stopped to bait at 4:30 p.m. Started about 8 p.m. and camped about 12:30 a.m. and started at 3 a.m. July 12th, stopped to bait about 7 a.m. and started about 9:30 a.m. We had the pleasure of having some Indians to breakfast with us. Stopped about 5 p.m. July 13th, started at 3 this morning. Stopped to breakfast at 5:30 a.m. and camped at 4 p.m. Started to hunt a pass through the Humboldt range and got lost. Got to camp next morning, July 14th. Spent this day by all to find a pass through the mountains. July 15th, started at 5 a.m. and stopped at Peter Haw's and took dinner. Started at 2:30 p.m. and camped at 8 p.m.

"July 16th, started at 3 a.m. came fifteen miles and stopped at C. Munvey's to bait. Started a south course through a pass in the Humboldt mountains, traveled through a beautiful valley and stopped at 3 p.m. Traveled

Ibapah, Utah, near the Nevada, line, featured the unveiling ceremonies of pony express monument at the site of the old Deep Creek station, one of the most important of the "desert" on the line of the fast mail of early days.

—Mary Meeks Wirthlin.

*Weber Stage and Pony Express Station*—In the summer of 1853, the first stone was placed for the building which was later to become famous as the Weber Stage and Pony Express Station. Its twenty-six inch walls were considered unsafe in 1931 and the old building was removed, but in the five pockets that were discovered built in the walls were uncovered a \$5 gold piece dated 1847, a few pieces of small change, an old letter from a son and daughter to their "Dear Parents," dated 1873, a pair of gold glasses, a light-weight pony express rider's gun case and a parchment such as the Pony Express mail first used, written from an eastern girl to her pony express rider sweetheart, which today is clear and legible.

The late James E. Bromley, who came to Utah in July, 1854, and settled at the mouth of Echo Canyon, was placed in charge of the monthly mail, driving a mail coach and six mules, with changes at Laramie, Kearney and Bridger. He remained with the Overland Stage Company until 1856, when the mail was taken off between Independence and Salt Lake City.

In the spring of 1857, Mr. Bromley went to work for J. M. Hockaday who had been to Washington and had the mail route restored between Atchison and Salt Lake City. He says: "I was put in charge of the road; I bought mules, built stations, fought Indians, and did everything that came in the line of my duty. I started from Atchison, and as I got one division in order, I was sent to the next, until, finally, I was permanently located on the Salt Lake division; having charge of the road from Pacific Springs to Salt Lake City, until the spring of 1864. In 1860, the Pony Express was put on. I bought the horses in Salt Lake, to stock the line to Fort Laramie, and hired many of Utah's young men to ride them. Nobly and well did they do their work."

In the journal of Albert Tracy, a member of Johnston's Army, he records: "April 7, 1860—We were enabled to reach by about five in the evening, the station established at the mouth of Echo Canyon. Thus it happens, that these stations have been recently arranged with reference to what is called the 'Pony Express,' a system of relays, by which a light letter mail is to be borne across the continent from California, in a space of a week or ten days. Like the others, the station at the mouth of the great canyon is rudely constructed, but comfortable, as things go among the mountains; while cozy in his stall, and abiding the expected 'pony' from the west, stands a sleek, active looking Kentucky animal, only too eager to stretch his limbs above the hills farther on. The rider and groom whom we find within the station seems no less nervous and impatient to get in motion than the horse. It is, indeed, the first attempt which is thus to be made across the country, and not a soul upon the line but deems his reputation and that of his employers—not to speak of the animals themselves—directly involved." On April 8, 1860, he also says, "Towards five o'clock the boys, to facilitate some changes they had to make, spurred on with the mules, to a station not far from Cache Cave, near the head of the Canyon—leaving me to pick my way with more deliberate

From Fish Springs, the road continues north a short distance, then turns south and about eleven miles further is Willow Springs, so called from the willows growing around a large spring out in the valley. This is now called Callao.

From Willow, the road runs a bit west of north for about thirteen miles and then turns west about one mile to Canyon Station. Burnt Station is possibly one mile east from Canyon Station.

From here the road goes up Overland Canyon and on to Deep Creek twelve miles away. Deep Creek, now Ibapah, was a home station. The name came from the fact that the creek was in a deep wash and not because the creek itself was deep. About eight miles up a rather grassy draw is Prairie Gate or Eight Mile, situated near a small spring.

It is seventeen miles between Eight Mile and Antelope Springs. Antelope Springs is located in a small valley, near the northwestern side and was so named from the fact that numerous antelope were found there.

Thirteen miles south of west and west is the location of the old station, Spring Valley. This valley derives its name from the fact that numerous springs are found up and down its slopes. Schell Creek (Schellbourne) is located fourteen miles from Spring Valley Station. From there the trail leads to Egan Canyon.

—James P. Sharp, *Improvement Era*, 1945.

*Camp Floyd*—In August, 1939, I had the pleasure of going over the Pony Express Trail with the Utah Trails and Land Mark Association from Salt Lake City to Sacramento, California. Several monuments were dedicated. At each station colorful ceremonies were performed and the early stories were told.

One of the most historic spots in Utah was at Camp Floyd (Fairfield, Utah) Pony Express station, a rock fort four rods square was erected in 1856-57. In 1860 the population, including soldiers, was 7,000, this being Utah's third largest city. Camp Floyd, adjoining Fairfield on the south and west, was established July 4, 1858, by Brig. General Albert Sidney Johnston and the Utah Expeditionary forces, numbering 3,000 men. Colonel Phillip St. George Cooke succeeded in command, May 1, 1860.

An Overland Stage station established in 1859 was operated until 1868, and a Pony Express station from April 3, 1860, to October 26, 1861. The station was 538 feet east and 210 feet north of this point. This monument was built of rocks from the barracks and guard house of Camp Floyd, the Fairfield Fort wall and Indian hieroglyphic rocks from five mile pass. This marker marks the old immigrant trail to California, known as the Simpson Springs Route pony express and stage coach, and also the home of Johnston's Army. Not being allowed to locate within 40 miles of Salt Lake City, Johnston immediately came to Cedar Valley in July 1858, with about 3,000 men, 600 wagons, and about 6,000 head of horses, mules and cattle. This was a beautiful valley, waving grass everywhere, and the soldiers' stock had plenty of feed during their stay in Utah. Fairfield became a business center and a town was built on the civilian side of the stream. Soon there was a solid block of stores, hotels, saloons, gambling houses, and dance halls. Fairfield at that time was known as a lawless town of Utah, with 7,000 inhabitants.

ten miles and camped. July 17th, started at 4 this morning and, traveling a south course, about 7 a.m. intersected Hastings trail, bearing east. Stopped to feed at 11 a.m. at Sulphur Springs. John R. Addams traveling in company with horses, camped about 8 p.m., no water. July 18th, started at 3:30 a.m., bearing north. Traveled about five miles and came to a large slough and stopped to feed. Started at 8 o'clock and stopped about 4 p.m., where there is a host of springs (no doubt Thousand Spring valley); feed good. Started at 7 p.m. and stopped on the desert about 12:30 a.m.; no grass nor water. July 19th, started at 3 o'clock this morning, traveled over a rough, barren country and stopped at a spring on the right of the road about 3 p.m. Started at 6 o'clock and stopped at 11:30 p.m. July 20th, started this morning about 4 o'clock and stopped to feed about 11 o'clock."

From this on his diary contains little or nothing until after he arrived in Salt Lake City and had made a wager that he could ride to Sacramento in ten days a mule-back. He then gives an account of the trip commencing September 19th, 1855, and ending at Sacramento at 6 p.m., September 29th, making the trip in ten days.

In the back of his diary for this year (1855) he makes the following memorandum: "Commencement of trail," which, he says, "was ninety miles to the right (or south) of the sink of Humboldt. Across a valley twelve miles—little water in canyon over a mountain five miles; little water to the right in the creek across a valley one mile from the road at foot of mountain, good grass and water. Thirty miles to summit of mountain. Ten miles to left, one mile over small mountain creek. Fifteen miles to Ruby Valley. Twenty miles down to valley; forty miles in same valley, creek fifteen miles (perhaps Shell Creek) on the side of a small mountain is a large spring. Twenty miles over mountain five or six springs (Spring Valley). Twelve miles to summit of a little mountain; twenty-five miles to Deep Creek; thirty miles to desert, twenty miles over summit of mountain; forty-five miles to Salt Spring. To creek sixteen miles."

These were his notes in laying out the trail, and he also had a map, but as it is only a crude drawing, with no names or places, no one but he could make much of it. He had also a list of figures, perhaps distances.

"*Father's First Express Ride*"—When all was supposed to be ready and the time figured out when the first Express should arrive in Salt Lake City from the east, they thought that on account of the level country to run over, that they would be able to make better time on the eastern division than on the western from Salt Lake to California. Therefore, the two riders that were to run between Salt Lake and Rush Valley were kept at the city.

Father, alone of all the officers of the line, thought his boys would make as good a record as the best and, if they did, there would be no rider at Rush Valley to carry the express on to the city. So to be on the safe side Father went himself to Rush Valley. And sure enough his boys delivered the goods as he expected, and he started on his first ride. It was a stormy afternoon, but all went well with him till on the "home stretch."

The pony on this run was a very swift, fiery and fractious animal. The night was so dark that it was impossible to see the road, and there was a strong wind blowing from the north, carrying a sleet that cut his face while trying to look ahead. But as long as he could hear the pony's feet pounding on the road, he sent him ahead at full speed. All went well, but when he

got to Mill Creek, that was covered by a plank bridge, he heard the pony's feet strike the bridge and the next instant pony and rider landed in the creek, which wet Father above the knees, but the next instant, with one spring, the little brute was out and pounding the road again and very soon put the surprise on the knowing ones. And here let me say, it was a very long time before the regular riders came up to the time made on this first trip, if they ever did.

—Pioneering the West—Egan.

*Richard Erastus Egan*, better known in boyhood days as "Ras" Egan, was born in Salem, Mass., March 29th, 1842, and was employed in April, 1860, to ride the Pony Express between Salt Lake City and Rush Valley station, a distance of seventy-five miles. He made the first trip on the west bound express on the famous and beautiful sorrel mare "Miss Lightning," making the first station of twenty-two miles in one hour and five minutes. The scheduled time for the seventy-five miles was five and one-half hours, though it was made one time in four hours and five minutes when the President's message was going through, called by the boys the "Lightning Express." At first the ride seemed long and tiresome, but after becoming accustomed to that kind of riding it seemed only play, but there were three times when it didn't seem so very playful. For instance, I was married January 1st, 1861, and of course naturally wanted a short furlough, but was only permitted to substitute a rider for one trip and the poor fellow thought that was plenty. I had warned him about the horse he would start with from "Rush" on his return trip, telling him that he would either back or fall over backwards when he got on him. "Oh!" said he, "I am used to that kind of business." "But," said I, "Bucking Bally is a whole team and a horse to let and a little dog under the wagon. Be careful." So, as a precaution after he had tightened the saddle, he led him out about a quarter of a mile from the station and got on, when the horse, true to his habit, got busy and the next thing the rider knew he was hanging by the back of his overcoat on a high stake, of a stake and rider fence, with his feet about five feet from the ground. He could not reach behind him in order to unhitch himself. He could not unbutton his coat so as to crawl out of it, but he could get his hands in his pockets for his knife to cut the buttons off and release himself. He made a search for the horse in the dark and when he finally found him, made the trip, getting a black eye for loss of time. He said to the boys, "No more 'Bucking Bally' for me."

Shortly after my marriage in the winter time, the time of arrival of the Pony Express from St. Joseph was uncertain on account of deep snow in the Rockies. So on one night when I was supposed to remain in the office waiting, the hostler through sympathy said, "You go home to your new wife and if the express comes I will jump on a horse and come after you." Of course, I accepted. Oh! what luck! About midnight here comes the pesky fellow and I had to jump out of a snug warm bed and start off in a howling blizzard to ride seventy-five miles. The cold was almost unbearable, but, through the kindness of a friend, who took me in for an hour and warmed up my almost freezing body, I pulled through o.k.

On another occasion I rode from Salt Lake City to Fort Crittenden, a distance of fifty miles, then started at sundown for Rush Valley in a

Valley, later called Faust Station, eleven miles from the Pass Station (again take your pick of names.)

The name Rush Valley came from the fact that in the early days there was a lake called Rush Lake, later called Stockton Lake, situated in the north end of the valley, and this place was a mass of bullrushes and cattails. The station was later called Faust, because a "Doc" Faust used to ride Express out of here and later purchased the station for a ranch.

This was the first home station west of Salt Lake, and many were the stories those old timers told of events they said happened here: of the number of persons buried in a small cemetery, situated on the low hills a short distance to the east—who was buried here, who there—and the causes of the sudden departure from this life of some of them.

Eight miles to the southwest is Lookout Pass (Point Lookout), which separates Rush from Skull Valley. The trail or road winds up a rather rocky ridge and then a short distance from the pass is Lookout Station.

Some old timers said an Indian took a shot at one of the riders or a stagecoach driver near this place, so whenever a new rider or driver was put to work he was told to lookout here.

There was a small log house and a stable made of cedar posts. A mere trickle of water came from somewhere, in a small pipe which ended in a large barrel, set in the ground; and from this barrel a pipe went to a large watering trough; and another pipe to another trough so that no water was lost. Large planks covered these troughs and there was a sign notifying travelers that water was five cents per gallon, fifteen cents per span.

Next was Simpson Springs, named for one J. H. Simpson, a topographical engineer, who was sent out from Camp Floyd and was told to find a route to Carson Valley. Here is an old rock house and a tumbled-down rock stable which were, it is said, built by the stage people for their men and horses.

This is only a small brackish spring situated on the western slope of Indian Mountain, and from this point one can look to the south and see Drum Mountain; to the west and see three ranges of mountains, first Dugway, then Fish Springs, and finally, Deep Creek; to the northwest is Pilot Peak, in Nevada; and on a clear day one can see the Black Pine Mountains in Idaho.

Coyote Springs is located about six miles to the south.

Nine miles south from Simpson is River Bed Station, so named from the fact that it is situated on the bank of a dry river bed that is both wide and deep and is where, some claim, the Sevier River once flowed on its way to Salt Lake before the sands down near Delta filled the old river bed and changed the course of the river to flow south and form Sevier Lake. There was plenty of bunch grass here, and a well had been dug, and the water hauled to Dugway Station, still another ten miles further southwest.

Dugway Station was so named because the road going west from here takes up quite a dugway to get over the mountains. Now the road between here and Riverbed is almost level and a person can see a rabbit miles away. Here also was a well some said over one hundred feet deep, dug through solid clay, and the dirt at the bottom was no more moist then it was at the top, so it was a dry one.

Continue west about ten miles and cross Fish Springs flat, which is the muddiest, slickest, dirtiest place man was ever in.

Miles	Station	Miles	Station
13	Mountain Well	10	Yonks
15	Still Water	12	Strawberry
14	Old River	12	Webster's
14	Bisby's	12	Mess
11	Nevada	12	Sportsman's Hall
12	Desert Wells	12	Placerville
13	Dayton	55	Folsom
13	Carson	25	SACRAMENTO
14	Genoa		
11	Friday's		Total, 727 Miles.

### STORIES OF PONY EXPRESS STATIONS IN THE WEST

The Salt Lake Pony Express Station was situated on the east side of Main Street, between First and Second South. It was a home station, where riders changed.

*Traveller's Rest* is nine miles south on what was later known as Lovendahl's corner. Why the name was selected I have never heard. It is close to home and little ever seemed to have happened there, so will say only, it was a way station, where horses were changed.

Rockwell is the next one, twelve miles farther south and is situated near the hot springs, southeast from Draper. This station was named after Porter Rockwell, and some said he kept this station, which I doubt, because at that time he was special agent for the Overland Stage Company and soon took over the duties of personal bodyguard for Brigham Young.

From here the route continued up Pony Express Canyon, a sort of dry ravine, to the Point of the Mountain, where it entered Utah Valley, then down the other side and crossed the Jordan River at the Old Indian Fort and took a southwesterly direction to the next station called Dugout, ten miles from Rockwell. This station was so named, for there one Joseph Dorton (nicknamed "Dugout" and known locally by this name, Joe Dugout) attempted to dig a well to furnish water for the emigrants. It was situated almost on the top of a low hill dividing Utah and Cedar Valleys. Some said the well was ninety feet deep, while others said it was any distance between that figure and three hundred feet. However, it was a dry well and the station here was maintained for only a few trips.

South ten miles from here, is what has been known as Fairfield, Fort Crittenden and Camp Floyd. This station is situated out in Cedar Valley just below a large spring and is where Johnston's Army stopped after marching through Salt Lake City in 1858. The army stayed here until 1861 and then moved away.

From here we go southwest to Five Mile Pass and cross from Cedar to either East Valley or Rush Valley and turn west another five miles, and come to a way station sometimes called "The Pass," "East Rush," or "East Valley," all depending on who mentions the story. This was not kept up long, and the rider then rode from Fairfield (take your pick of the name) to Rush

very heavy snow storm, and the snow knee-deep to my horse. I could see no road, so that as soon as darkness came on I had to depend entirely on the wind. It was striking on my right cheek so I kept it there, but unfortunately for me, the wind changed and led me off my course, and instead of going westward I went southward and rode all night on a high trot, and arrived at the place I had left at sundown the evening before, with both myself and my horse very tired. Now the only thing to do was to jump on the horse I had ridden the evening before and proceed on twenty-five miles further. Then, instead of having a night's rest at my home station, I was riding all night, in consequence of which I met the "Pony" from Sacramento, and was compelled to start immediately on my eastward trip to Salt Lake City. This made my continuous ride 150 miles, besides all night in the deep snow.

Just one more incident. My brother-in-law was riding west from me and had a sweetheart in Salt Lake City, whom he desired to see, but could get no leave of absence to go see her, and naturally I had sympathy for him, so we got our heads together and agreed to accidentally (on purpose) pass each other in the night, and he would have to ride his route and continue on mine. He had all night in Salt Lake to rest or "spark" as he chose, and return the double route next trip. But with me it was different, for after I had covered the double route, 165 miles, I met the "Pony" from the west and had to turn around without any rest and ride over the double route again, making a continuous ride of 330 miles. I was tired!

On this same route the Indians had attacked the stage, killed the driver and a passenger, rifled the U.S. Mail and took four horses, and when I came along one lone Indian with rifle and bow and arrows started after me. But I thought I had the best horse, so played along just out of easy gun shot from him. Finally I thought I would play a bluff on him, which worked as I thought it would. I turned and ran at him full speed, swinging my pistol and yelling at top of my voice. He immediately left the road, kicking and whipping his pony, and kept it up as far as I could see him.

The agent, to encourage the boys to make good time, said to them, "Boys, if you kill a horse by riding fast we will buy a better one." One trip I was riding a lovely rangy bay, a \$300 horse, at a twenty-mile-an-hour clip when the poor animal missed his footing and fell, breaking his neck and almost sent me to St. Joseph. When I gathered myself up and found my horse dead, I had to walk about five miles and carry my saddle and express matter, and, so again, I registered another "tired."

—Pioneering the West—Egan.

"Doc" Faust—Tooele County is indebted to J. H. Faust for much of its colorful pony express history. As a rider he was unexcelled, and his organizational activities led to the establishment of an express station in the terrain between Look Out Pass and Five Mile Pass. It was called Faust, and was deemed most valuable for its strategic location. In later years he left the rugged outdoor life to which he had added so much of adventure in extending the frontier. He pursued the study of medicine, and as "Doc" Faust, became a successful practitioner.

Judge John Fisher was born in Wollwich, England, February 7, 1842, the son of Thomas F. and Jane Christon Fisher. The family emigrated



to America and arrived in Salt Lake City on October 28, 1854, under the command of Captain Robert L. Campbell. At the age of eighteen, John Fisher started out in life for himself, his first avocation being carrying the mails between Salt Lake City and Carson City, Nevada. He had many adventures as a Pony Express rider and also later as a stage-coach driver, between Salt Lake City and Shell Creek, Nevada, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. After serving in these capacities, he married and made his home in Bountiful, Utah. He served in the Black Hawk War in 1866. His political life was almost as colorful as were his experiences in frontier days. He became a member of the Territorial Legislature, a Justice of the Peace, Mayor, and held many other positions of responsibility and honor.

*William Frederick Fisher*—Was born November 16, 1839, at Woolwich, Kent County, England. With his family he left England April 8, 1854, and after six weeks on a slow sailing vessel landed at New Orleans, May 29, 1854. They reached Salt Lake City, October 28, 1854.

From April 1860, to July 1861, he rode "Pony Express" from Ruby Valley to Egan Canyon, Nevada, and later from Salt Lake City to Rush Valley. History records no more hazardous work than that done by the riders of the express. Once Fisher and three other riders nearly starved to death, but after several days the party shot a lean coyote and subsisted on it until help came. Three weeks after he was married he was lost in a blinding snow storm while riding the pony express, and was exhausted and nearly freezing to death, and as he was nearly asleep a little rabbit sent by Providence, licked his face until he awakened and realized that he must go on.

He rode on the famous route when Lincoln's message was carried across the nation. He carried it from Salt Lake City to Rush Valley, a distance of 75 miles, in four hours and ten minutes. He also rode from Ruby Station, Nevada, to Salt Lake City, a distance of 300 miles in thirty-six hours, using a relay of seven horses. The object of this rapid ride was to bring the news of an Indian outbreak and have the U. S. Government send troops. There should have been other riders, but the Indians had killed them or dispersed them, so Fisher rode on with the important news.

From a clipping sent by Stella Fisher Brossard, daughter of William Fisher, we quote the following from an article which Wm. F. Fisher wrote before his death in 1919: "About the first of July, 1860, when the Shoshone and Goshute Indians (also Pahutes and Winnemucca, under old Chief Winnemucca, who in the spring of 1860, early June, killed 50 of the volunteer white men who fought the Indians from Virginia City and Carson Nevada, of the force of 101 under Major Ormsby, near Pyramid Lake, Nevada) broke out on the warpath, killing four of our brave riders, burning our stations and killing our stock.

"I took the Express from Ruby Valley, Nevada, to Salt Lake City, a distance of 300 miles in 34 hours, using six horses and two mules. Several stations were burned on the road and several animals stolen, which necessitated my riding so far. I took the news of the Indian outbreak with me the night of July 4, 1860. Two companies of soldiers (dragoons) under Lt. Weeks and Perkins, were sent from Camp Floyd

#### *East of Salt Lake City*

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI	O'Fallon's Bluff
Crossed the Missouri River	Alkali
Kansas to Kennekuk	Beauvais Ranch
Kickapoo Indian Reservation	Diamond Springs
Granda	Julesburg on the Platte
Log Chain	Lodge Pole Creek
Seneca	Thirty Mile Ridge
Ash Point	Mud Springs
Guitard's	Court House
Maysville	Scott's Bluff
Hollenberg	Fort Laramie
Valley of the Little Blue	Rocky Mountains
Nebraska near Rock Creek	South Pass
Big Sandy	Fort Bridger
Liberty Farm	Castle Rock
32 Mile Creek	Brimville Emergency Station
Platte River to Ft. Kearney	Weber Station
Plum Creek	Mouth of Echo Canyon
Midway	Dixie Creek
Cottonwood Springs	Bauchmann's
Branches of N and S Platte	Mountain Dell
Fremont Springs	SALT LAKE CITY

#### *West of Salt Lake City*

Miles	Station	Miles	Station
9	Traveler's Rest	18	Antelope Springs
11	Rockwell's	13	Spring Valley
9	Joe's Dug Out	12	Fort Shellbourne
10	Fort Crittenden	12	Egan Canyon
10	East Rush Valley (The Pass)	15	Mountain Springs
10	Rush Valley	9	Ruby Valley
5	Mile F	12	Jacob's Wells
	Faust	12	Diamond Springs
11	Point Look Out	12	Sulphur Springs
15	Simpson Springs	13	Robert's Creek
8	River Bed	13	Camp Station
10	Dug Way	15	Dry Creek
12	Black Rock	10	Cape Horn
11	Fish Springs	11	Simpson's Park
10	Boyd's (cut off)	12	Mount Airey
10	Willow Springs	14	Castle Rock, Nevada
15	Burnt Canyon	12	Edward's Creek
	Ibapah	11	Cold Springs, Nevada
12	Deep Creek	10	Middle Gate
8	Prairie Gate or Eight Mile	15	Fair View

"There was another occasion: only this horse didn't have the endurance that the other one did. Father was bringing in the mail from the east to the station at Mountain Dell. He was riding a little bay horse, weighing about nine hundred pounds, about six or eight years old. Father said he was a good horse and he thought a lot of him, but he didn't have the bottom of some of the others but would give all he had. There was a heavy snow storm came up and crossing over the 'Little Mountain' the snow became so heavy and deep that his horse gave out and he had to leave him.

"He took his pocket knife and cut the saddle bags open and put the letter mail inside his shirt. Then afoot he broke a trail over to Mountain Dell, arriving there about three o'clock in the morning. The next morning he rode a horse bareback to Salt Lake and delivered the mail to the old 'Salt Lake House,' which was the post office. Ephraim Hanks rode back up the canyon next morning and brought the horse, which seemed none the worse.

"They who were expecting important mail were afraid that the mail would not reach Salt Lake City that day. They were so elated when the mail came in with the boy carrying it in his shirt and riding bare-back, that they picked him up and carried him around the street on their shoulders.

"While riding over the trail early one morning, coming to the edge of the timber he noticed his horse pricking up his ears, which was a sign of danger, sometimes a rattle snake, sometimes a wolf. George knew he had important mail, as well as money in his saddle bag. Before he could act, his horse was caught by the bridle reins by two men with their faces covered with black handkerchiefs, but with his quick thinking and action he put his spurs to his horse which leaped into the air freeing himself from the would-be robbers. They shot several shots at George but his horse was a fast runner and once again he reached the station with the mail. This story was told me by my father, when I was just a girl."

His active nature kept him busily employed during the years of his residence in the city, and in 1890 he moved to the Teton Basin and put up there its pioneer saw mill and commenced an energetic campaign of lumbering operations. On January 5, 1862, Miss Martha Taylor, a native of England, was married to Mr. Little. They have had fourteen children, namely: Edwin S., Clara A., Miriam M., George A., Harriet A., Maria, Fanny (dec.), Margaret Groves, Marcie, Eva, Feramorz, Estella, Nora and Mattie.

George Edwin Little died December 27, 1916, in Teton Basin, Idaho, at the age of 72.

## PONY EXPRESS STATIONS

From St. Joseph, Missouri to Fort Bridger, Wyoming, the route followed by the Pony Express riders practically coincided with the Old Oregon Trail, the direction taken by the Mormons on their journey westward. On this part of the route, only a few of the express stations are named. From Fort Bridger, however, westward to Sacramento, all of the principal stations are given and their approximate distances apart.

near Salt Lake City to Ruby Valley to quell the Indians' outbreak. The Indians, under Chiefs Leather Head, Pocatello Buck, and Winnemucca, finally sued for peace.

"This cost the Express company \$75,000 and nearly drove it out of existence. Congress would not give a dollar to the Express company, who got 800 Nevada, Utah and California volunteers, besides Weed and Perkins companies before the uprising was quelled.

"In November, 1860, I carried the presidential election returns (Abraham Lincoln) west over the 75 miles in four hours and 35 minutes, using five horses. Extra horses were put on to make this fast ride. The news was carried 1966 miles, from St. Joe, Mo., to Sacramento, in less than eight days. The fastest time ever made by pony express. January 22, 1861, I was lost for 20 hours in a blinding blizzard.

"We pony express riders were paid \$50 a month. Station keepers were paid \$85 and superintendents \$150 to \$200 a month. One writer said, 'Winter or summer the pay was the same, \$50 a month and the balance in fame.'"

*John Frey* was a daring rider who chose horses that were really hard to handle. History records that Frey rode his horse fifty miles without rest or change. He was killed on the Canadian River Crossing (Texas) while serving in the United States Army.

*Sam Gilson*—This pony rider, with his brother Jim Gilson, were among the most colorful riders of the Pony Express. Sam later became a Deputy Marshal and was intimately connected with frontier life for many years. It was while he was on a prospecting trip that he discovered the mineral later known as Gilsonite, and named in his honor. Carbon County is much indebted to these two men for its beginnings as a mining center. He was connected with the Gilsonite mines in Uintah County and with the Horse Canyon Coal Mine at Sunnyside, Utah. He owned a freight depot in Price, used primarily as the place from which the Gilson brothers shipped gilsonite. He owned a ranch near Salina Canyon, Utah. The Municipal Building, in Price, contains some outstanding murals which depict the founding, growth and colorful history of Carbon County. Sam Gilson is represented in the murals which represent the beginning of the mining industry in that section of Utah.

*Robert Haslam*—"Pony Bob" was known as one of the most daring and famous riders of the Pony Express, second only to "Buffalo Bill" himself. Following are some of his own quotations regarding his experiences:

"About eight months after the Pony Express was established, the Piute War commenced in Virginia City, Nevada, then the principal point of interest, and hourly expecting an attack from the hostile Indians, was only in its infancy. A stone hotel on C Street was in course of construction and had reached an elevation of two stories. This was hastily transformed into a fort for the protection of the women and children. From the city the signal fires of the Indians could be seen on every mountain peak, and all available men and horses were pressed into service to repel the impending assault of the savages.

"When I reached Reed's Station, on the Carson River, I found no change of horses, as all those at the station had been seized by the whites

to take part in the approaching battle. I fed the animal that I rode, and started for the next station, called Bucklands, afterwards known as Fort Churchill, fifteen miles farther down the river. It was to have been the termination of my journey, as I had changed my old route to this one, in which I had had many narrow escapes and been twice wounded by the Indians.

"I had already ridden 75 miles; but, to my great astonishment, the other rider refused to go on. The superintendent, W. C. Marley, was at the station, but all his persuasion could not prevail on the rider, John-son Richardson, to take the road. Turning then to me, Marley said: 'Bob, I will give you \$50 if you make this ride.' I replied, 'I will go at once.'

"Within ten minutes, when I had adjusted my Spencer rifle, which was a seven-shooter, and my Colt's revolver with two cylinders, ready for use in case of emergency, I started. From this station onward it was a lonely and dangerous ride of thirty-five miles, without a change, to the Sink of the Carson. I arrived there alright, however, and pushed on to Sand Springs, through an alkali bottom and sand hills thirty miles farther, without a drop of water all along the route. At Sand Springs I changed horses and continued on to Cold Springs, a distance of 37 miles. Another change and a ride of 30 more miles brought me to Smith's Creek. Here I was relieved by J. G. Kelley. I had ridden 190 miles, stopping only to eat and change horses."

This run is recorded as the fastest run of the entire 2,000 miles. He arrived at Sand Springs safely, but here there was to be no rest nor delay. After reporting the outrage he had just seen, he advised the station man of his danger and after changing horses, induced the latter to accompany him on to the Sink of the Carson, which move doubtless saved the latter's life. Reaching the Carson, they found a badly frightened lot of men who had been attacked only a few hours previously. They implored him to stay, but the mail must go and the schedule, hard as it was, must be maintained. "Bob" had no conception of fear, and so he galloped away, after an hour's rest. And back into Bucklands he came unharmed, having suffered only three and one-half hours' delay. He received a double bonus for his courage.

At the elimination of the Pony Express, Robert Haslam was employed by Wells, Fargo and Company, for more than a year; but as the Railway gradually came into operation this activity was discontinued. When the telegraph line was completed "Pony Bob" was sent to Idaho, to ride the company's express route of 100 miles, with one horse, from Queen's River to the Owyhee River. He was at the Queen's River station when Major McDermott was killed at the start of the Modoc War. On one of his rides he passed the remains of ninety Chinamen who had been killed by Indians. Only one escaped to tell of it. The bodies lay along a distance of ten miles.

*Martin Hogan* was a rider on the Eastern run between Boulder and Julesburg. It is said that he was with the company during its entire venture and rode every day. He afterwards made his home at Atchison, Kansas.

"The Indians kept getting worse. They had attacked emigrant trains and had done a lot of damage to the express line by burning stations, killing the riders, and running off with the horses. The Indians got so bad that it was hard to keep riders enough to carry the express, for every one that could leave would do so, and it was hard for the agents to hire men to take their places. The company had to raise the wages from forty dollars a month to sixty, and it was hard to get men even at that price."

"*Little Yankee*" rode between Cottonwood Springs and Julesburg, and often covered 100 miles at a trip. He weighed not over one hundred pounds, and was twenty-five years old.

—(From the Pony Express, by William Lightfoot Visser)

*George Edwin Little* was born at Nauvoo, Illinois, on August 6, 1844, being the son of Edwin S. and Harriet A. (Decker) Little. His father early espoused the Mormon faith, becoming a resident of Nauvoo before the persecutions came upon the people of that city and at the exodus of Mormons started with his family for Utah, with Brigham Young and the first company of emigrants, but died on the way and was buried at Richardson's Point on the Missouri River in 1846, at the early age of 30 years, leaving his widow and one child. The widow continued on the journey to Utah, driving a yoke of oxen all of the long and wearisome way.

George Edwin Little was but three years of age when in 1847 he arrived in the new land of Utah, and he may be called distinctively a son of the West, since he attained manhood, received his education and diligently wrought out an honorable career from circumstances that were often unpropitious and unpromising. Life on the plains commenced with him when but fifteen years of age, as in 1859 he engaged as a pony express rider, his first route lying between Salt Lake City and Rocky Ridge. This was no dress-parade life. Miles on miles of uninhabited distance stretched between stations, wild beasts ranged over the plains and mountains, bands of Indians, oftentimes of hostile mood, hung around the trails and it required nerve, courage, endurance and great self control to successfully perform his duties. He well filled the station, however, and continued to be thus employed on various relays until the coming of the telegraph, in 1861, drove the pony express out of existence. His daughter, Estella, has the badge that testified to his belonging to the early pioneer band of the State of Deseret.

"My father, George Edwin Little, rode for the Pony Express at the age of fifteen. He weighed less than a hundred pounds at that time.

"One horse in particular weighed about eleven hundred pounds, was brown, bald-faced and stocking-legged, with a Roman nose and showed the whites of his eyes. The farther he went the faster he wanted to go and from the time he started out on his route he pulled on the bit all the way through. He was very durable and treacherous.

"It was customary for the rider to give a yip before he arrived so they would be ready for him. On one occasion as he was riding into the station, instead of the station keeper hearing his yip, he was sound asleep, the rider pulled this horse up suddenly and the horse slipped and fell at the door of the station, giving the station keeper quite a shock.

I lay there until I heard the door shut, then I slipped up and peeped through the crack and saw that all three of them were there all right. I was most too much ashamed to go in, but finally I went around and opened the door. When I stepped in Pete called out, "Hello! Here he is. How far did you chase them? I knew you would stay with them. I told the fellows here that you would bring back at least half a dozen of them." I think they killed five Indians that night.

"I was sent further west, about three hundred miles, to ride from the Carson Sink to Fort Churchill. The distance was about seventy-five miles and was a very hard ride for the horses as well as for me, because much of the distance was through deep sand. Some things were not so bad, however, for I had no mountains to cross, the weather in winter was mild, and the Indians were a little more friendly here. East of my beat, along Egan Canyon, Shell Creek, and Deep Creek, the Indians had begun to be very saucy, and they had threatened to burn the stations and kill the people, and in the following spring they did break out in good earnest, burned some of the stations and killed one of the riders. That same spring I was changed back into Major Egan's division and rode from Shell Creek to Ruby Valley.

"That summer the Indians got very bad. They burned several stations, killed the hostlers, and also a few riders. I got very badly wounded that summer. I had been taking some horses to Antelope station, and on my way back I made a stop at Spring Valley station. When I got there the two boys that looked after the horses at the station were out on the woodpile playing cards, and they wanted me to stay with them and have dinner. I got off my horse and started him towards the stable, but instead of going to the stable he went behind it, where some other horses were grazing. Pretty soon we saw the horses going across the meadow toward the cedars with two Indians on foot behind them. We started after them full tilt, and gained on them a little, and as we ran I fired three shots at them from my revolver, but they were too far off for me to hit them. They reached the cedars a little before we did. I was ahead of the other two boys, and as I ran around a large cedar, one of the Indians who had hidden behind the tree, shot me in the head with a flint spiked arrow. The arrow struck my head about two inches above the left eye. The other two boys were on the other side of the tree, and seeing the Indian run, came around to find out where I was and found me lying on the ground with the arrow sticking in my head. They tried to pull the arrow out, but the shaft came away and left the flint spike in my head. Thinking that I would surely die, they rolled me under a tree and started for the next station as fast as they could go. There they got a few men and came back the next morning to bury me, but when they got to me and found I was still alive they thought they would not bury me just then. They carried me to a station that was called Cedar Wells, and from there sent to Ruby Station for a doctor. When he came, he took the spike out of my head and told the boys to keep a wet rag on the wound and that was all they could do for me. I lay there for six days when Major Egan happened to come along, and seeing that I was still alive, sent for the doctor again, and when the doctor came and saw I was no worse he started to do something for me. I lay for eighteen days unconscious, then I began to get better fast, and it was but a little while until I was riding again.

J. G. Kelley, one of the veteran riders, tells his own story of the eventful days, when he rode over the lonely trail carrying dispatches for Russell, Majors and Waddell.

"Yes," he said, "I was a Pony Express rider in 1860, and went out with Bolivar Roberts, and I tell you it was no picnic. No amount of money could tempt me to repeat my experience of those days. To begin with, we had to build willow roads, corduroy fashion, across many places along the Carson River, carrying bundles of willows two and three hundred yards in our arms, while the mosquitoes were so thick that it was difficult to tell whether the man was white or black, so thickly were they piled on his neck, face and arms.

"Arriving at the Sink of the Carson River, we began the erection of a fort to protect us from the Indians. As there were no rocks or logs in that vicinity it was built of adobes, made from the mud on the shores of the lake. To mix this and get it to the proper consistency to mold into adobes, we tramped all day in our bare feet. This we did a week or more, and the mud being strongly impregnated with alkali carbonate of soda, you can imagine the condition of our feet. They were much swollen and resembled hams. We next built a fort at Sand Springs, twenty miles from Carson Lake, and another at Cold Springs, thirty-seven miles east of Sand Springs. At the latter station I was assigned to duty as assistant station-keeper, under Jim McNaughton.

"The war against the Piute Indians was then at its height, and as we were in the middle of their country, it became necessary for us to keep a standing guard night and day. The Indians were often skulking around, but none of them ever came near enough for us to get a shot, 'till one dark night when I was on guard, I noticed one of our horses prick up his ears and stare. I looked in the direction indicated and saw an Indian's head projecting above the wall. My instructions were to shoot if I saw an Indian within rifle range, as that would wake the boys quicker than anything else; so I fired and missed my man.

"Later on we saw the Indian campfires on the mountain and in the morning many tracks. They evidently intended to stampede our horses, and if necessary kill us. The next day one of our riders, a Mexican, rode into camp with a bullet hole through him from the left to the right side, having been shot by Indians while coming down Edwards Creek, in the Quaking Asp Bottom. He was tenderly cared for, but he died before surgical aid could reach him.

"As I was the lightest man at the station, I was ordered to take the Mexican's place on the route. My weight was then one hundred pounds, while I now weigh one hundred and thirty. Two days after taking the route, on my return trip, I had to ride through the forest of quaking aspen where the Mexican had been shot. A trail had been cut through these little trees, just wide enough to allow horse and rider to pass. As the road was crooked and the branches came together from either side, just above my head when mounted, it was impossible for me to see ahead for more than ten or fifteen yards, and it was two miles through the forest. I expected to have trouble, and prepared for it by dropping my bridle reins on the neck of the horse, putting my Sharp's rifle at full cock, and keeping my spurs into the pony's flanks, and he went through that forest 'like a streak of greased lightning.'



"At the top of the hill I dismounted to rest my horse, and upon looking back, I saw the bushes moving in several places. As there were no cattle or game in that vicinity, I knew the movements to be caused by Indians, and was more positive of it, when, after firing several shots at the spot where I saw the bushes in motion, all agitation ceased. Several days after that two United States soldiers, who were on their way to their command, were shot and killed from the ambush of those bushes, and stripped of their clothing by the red devils.

"One of my rides was the longest on the route. I refer to the road between Cold Springs and Sand Springs, thirty-seven miles, and not a drop of water. It was on this ride that I made a trip which possibly gave to our company the contract for carrying the mail by stagecoach across the Plains, a contract that was largely subsidized by Congress.

"One day I trotted into Sand Springs covered with dust and perspiration. Before I reached the station, I saw a number of men running toward me, all carrying rifles, and one of them with a wave of his hand said, 'All right, you poor good boy, you go.' I did not need a second order, and as quickly as possible rode out of their presence, looking back, however, as long as they were in sight, and keeping my rifle handy.

"As previously stated, it is marvelous that the pony boys were not all killed. There were only four men at each station, and the Indians, who were then hostile, roamed over the country in bands of from thirty to a hundred.

"What I consider my most narrow escape from death was being shot at by a lot of fool emigrants, who, when I took them to task about it on my return trip, excused themselves by saying 'We thought you were an Indian.'"

*William D. Jenkins*, then of Big Sandy, Nebraska, was a substitute rider for the Pony Express. He afterward lived at Olympia, Washington.

*Elijah H. Maxfield* was born November 5, 1832, on Prince Edward Island, Canada, and came to Utah in September, 1851, with his parents, John E. and Elizabeth Baker Maxfield, at the age of 19. He married Helen A. Tanner August 25, 1851, in Salt Lake City. The family resided in Cottonwood. He could be counted one of the rugged men of Utah, for his biography says that he took part in the Civil War, in the Utah Indian War, drove a fast express, was a spy in Johnston's Army in the Black Hills, and belonged to the YX Company. It also gives his experiences cutting and hauling timber in the mountains of the West, digging ditches, fighting crickets and says that he only retired when he said that he had no more pioneering to do and no more hard knocks. Of his experience as a Pony Express rider the pioneer recorded that he often put his pony through a break-neck speed with bullets and arrows whizzing past and over his head. Every pony had to make ten miles in half an hour. One heat at top speed and then a relay. Ten relays a day, 100 miles in five hours. That was a day's work in the saddle. The other three or five hours were off, changing saddles, mail bags, getting a bite to eat or resting.

Mr. Maxfield was a river-to-coast pony express rider, keen and vigorous in body as well as in mind. He had a hand grip like a vise and always said he could show the young fellows a few tricks at wrest-

there. The others ran. He said, "Now boys, we will have a time of it tonight. There are about thirty of those Indians camped in the canyon there, and they will be upon us as soon as it gets dark, and we will have a fight."

"A man by the name of Lynch happened to be there at the time. He had bragged a good deal about what he would do and we looked upon him as a sort of desperado and a very brave man. I felt pretty safe until he weakened and commenced to cry, then I wanted all of us to get on our horses and skip for the next station; but Pete said, 'No. We will load up all the old guns that are around here and be ready for them when they come. There are four of us, and we can stand off the whole bunch of them.' Well, just a little before dark, we could see a big dust over towards the mouth of the canyon, and we knew they were coming. It was about six miles from the canyon to the station.

"Pete thought it would be a good thing to go out a hundred yards or so, and lie down in the brush and surprise them as they came up. When we got out there he had us lie down about four or five feet apart. "Now," he said, "when you fire, jump out to one side, so if they shoot at the blaze of your gun, you will not be there." We all took our places, and you bet, I lay close to the ground. Pretty soon we could hear their horses' feet striking the ground, and it seemed to me as if there were thousands of them; and such yells as they let out, I never heard before. The sounds were coming straight towards us, and I thought they were going to run right over us. It was sandy where we lay, with little humps here and there, and scrubby grease-wood were growing on the humps. Finally the Indians got close enough for us to shoot. Pete shot and jumped to one side. I had two pistols, one in each hand, cocked all ready to pull the trigger, and was crawling on my elbows and knees. Each time he would shoot, I saw him jump. Soon they were all shooting, and each time they shot, I would jump. I never shot at all.

"After I had jumped a good many times, I happened to land in a little wash, or ravine. I guess my back came pretty nearly level with the top of it. Anyhow, I pressed myself down so I could get in. I don't know how I felt, I was so scared. I lay there and listened until I could hear no more shooting, but I thought I could hear the horses' hoofs beating on the hard ground near me, until I found out it was only my heart beating. After a while, I raised my head a little and looked off towards the desert, and I could see those humps of sand covered with grease-woods. They looked exactly like Indians on horses, and I could see several of them near the wash.

"I crouched down again and lay there for a long time, maybe two hours. Finally everything was very still, so I thought I would go around and see if my horse was where I had staked him, and if he was, I would go back to my station over in Deep Creek and tell him that the boys were all killed and I was the only one that had got away all right. Well, as I went crawling around the house on my elbows and knees, just as easily as I could, with both pistols ready, I saw a light shining between the logs in the back part of the house. I thought the house must be full of Indians, so I decided to lie there awhile and see what they were doing. I lay there for some time listening and watching and then I heard one of the men speak right out a little distance from the house and say, "Did you find anything of him?" Another answered, "No, I guess he is gone." Then I knew it was the boys, but

the express got to this station and when it went out. He would tell the rider what time he would have to make up on his run, if the express was behind time.

"Well, the time came that we had to start. The express would leave St. Joseph, Missouri, and Sacramento, California, at the same time every day. The home stations were from forty to sixty miles apart, and one man's ride was from one home station to another. Between the home stations were other stations, ten miles apart, where horses could be changed. Not many riders could stand the long, fast riding at first, but after they had ridden for about two weeks they would be all right. At first the rider would be charged up with the saddle he was riding and the first wages were kept back for it, and if we had no revolver and had to get one from the company, that would be forty dollars more to come out of our wages. Many a poor boy was killed by the Indians before he got the company paid for these things. Our wages were too small for the hard work we performed, and the dangers we endured.

"Everything went along first rate for a while, but after six or eight months of that kind of work the big, fine horses began to play out, the company sent to California and bought up all of the wild horses they could get, brought them in, strung them along the road, and put the best riders to breaking them. Peter Neece, our home station keeper, was a big strong man, and a good rider. He was put to breaking some of these wild mustangs for the boy on his beat. After these wild horses had been ridden two or three times, they were put on the regular line for the express boys to ride. Generally, just as soon as the hostler could lead them in and out of the stable without getting his head knocked off, they were considered tame, and very likely they had just been handled enough to make them mean. I found it to be so with most of the horses they gave me to ride.

"I was not a bit afraid of the Indians, but for some reason or other, the way they had told these big yarns about the Indians killing the riders rather worked me up, so that while I could not say I was afraid of them, I was pretty badly scared, just the same.

"Well, my home station was at Shell Creek. I rode from Shell Creek to Deep Creek, and one day the Indians killed the rider out on the desert, and when I was to meet him at Deep Creek, he was not there. I had to keep right on until I met him. I went to the next station, Willow Creek, the first station over the mountain, and there I found out that he had been killed. My horse was about jaded by this time, so I had to stay there to let him rest. I would have had to start back in the night as soon as the horse got so he could travel, if those Indians had not come upon us.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, seven Indians rode up to the station and asked for something to eat. Peter Neece, the station keeper, picked up a sack with about twenty pounds of flour in it and offered it to them, but they would not have that little bit, they wanted a sack of flour apiece. Then he threw it back into the house and told them to get out, and that he wouldn't give them a thing.

"This made them pretty mad, and as they passed a shed about four or five rods from the house, they each shot an arrow into a poor, old lame cow, that was standing under a shed. When Neece saw them do that, it made him mad, too, and he jerked out a couple of pistols and commenced shooting at them. He killed two of the Indians and they fell off their horses right

ling. He also drove a stage coach for Gilmore and Salisbury from Missouri to Salt Lake City. Mr. Maxfield spent the last years of his life in Wayne County, Utah.

*J. G. McCall*—The story is told that on the first trip of the west-bound ride between Folsom's and Sacramento, the rider was thrown from his mount and his leg broken. A stage of the Wells-Fargo Company found him in this condition and J. G. McCall, who was the special agent of the stage company in the coach, offered his services in finishing the run. He arrived at Sacramento only one hour and thirty minutes late, and was hailed with a glad reception. The whole town turned out to welcome him.

*William Page*, the eldest son of James and Louise Graves Page, was born in Birmingham, England, August 4, 1838. His parents heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and were baptized June 6, 1848. They left England, March 22, 1856, when William was eighteen years old, and landed in Boston, May 1, 1856. With five companies they immediately started West, but because of the lack of carts and supplies they had to travel with the last company. On August 1, 1856 the Martin Handcart Company started from Iowa City for Utah. Because of the green timber used in their carts, many weary hours were lost repairing them. Winter was upon them as they neared the Platte River. They found shelter in a place known as Martin's Hollow. One night, while on guard, William Page took a pair of moccasins made of Buffalo hide and soaked them in water, removing the hair, then boiled them and ate the broth.

When he reached Salt Lake, William Page met Henry W. Lawrence and lived with him that winter, doing chores for his board. He went to Bountiful in the Spring and lived with Bates Nobles. The next year he was called by Brigham Young to Public Works. He helped, repairing guns for the Mormon War. He then joined Daniel H. Wells and served during the winter in Echo Canyon.

In 1860, he joined the pony express and went east to his appointed station. He carried a copy of Lincoln's message to the west. He related an incident of an Indian wanting his surcingle and when he refused to give it, the Indian warned him to be careful. He was followed by the Indian, but he let the red man get ahead of him and then he managed to press the Indian against the rocks; holding his horse close to the Indian's horse: In this way he rode to the station.

Later in the spring, they moved to a settlement near where Willard is now. In 1871, William Page joined Capt. Arton's Company to settle Arizona. He died May 28, 1892.

—Files of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

*George Washington Perkins*, known as "Wash" Perkins, came to Utah in 1848. He settled in the Nineteenth Ward of Salt Lake City. While not a regular Pony Express rider, Major Egan called him to make the ride whenever a substitute was needed. In his "Memories" he tells of a time when he rode 150 miles carrying the mail, and then had to make the return journey. This was through a section where Indians were lurking all along the way. He rode with William Fisher at times. On

one occasion as they were passing a point covered with rocks and cedars the Indians fired upon them; but through the speed of their trained horses they were uninjured. However, an arrow was later found in the flap of his saddle. He was one of the riders at the time when Lincoln's first message to Congress went through on the Pony Express to the West. A record of his life, written by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lurina Perkins, records that he carried the mail for a total of nine years, including the eighteen months he rode as a Pony Express rider.

*William Henry Streeper* was the son of Wilkinson Streeper and Matilda Wells Streeper. He was born August 1, 1837, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He came with his parents to Salt Lake City in October, 1851. His own story follows:

"I rode the Pony Express during 1861-62. My route was in Nevada, between Diamond Springs and Smith Creek. From Diamond Springs it was 35 miles to our next station, which was Roberts Creek. Then it was another 35 miles from Roberts Creek to Dry Creek. The next station was Simpson's Park, and from there it was 40 miles to Smith Creek, where we changed riders.

"We rode ordinary ponies. When their backs became sore, as they sometimes did from carrying packs, we doctored them ourselves. We stationed animals all along between stops so we could change and have fresh ones. We drove them about seven or eight miles an hour, often riding in the dark. Many is the time I have eaten my supper on the trail and my breakfast eighty or ninety miles from there. At the time of the second inauguration of Lincoln, the mail was carried from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, in seven and a half days.

"There were seven riders on my route and we used both mules and horses, riding the pony and driving pack animals before us. We had guns and pistols, and sometimes used arrows in self defense. I carried a pair of pistols, but never had any trouble. Indians shot arrows at me and white men have drawn guns on me, but I never had one touch me. I was exceptionally fortunate.

"Just the day before one of my trips, Mr. Dave Proctor and his wife and a train of 45 wagons came to Diamond Springs late in the afternoon. I urged them to stop as there was good feed and water and it was 35 miles through hills and hollows to Roberts Creek. They camped close to the station and I was invited to have supper with Dave Proctor and his wife. The following morning was my turn to ride and I passed them before they reached Dry Creek Station. I hurried on to Simpson's Park and found the Indians had attacked the station and robbed it of almost everything. They had killed Jim Alcott, the other rider. Hurrying on I found Simpson's Park Station burned, nobody around and no animals to change with. So I went on another 40 miles toward Smith Creek, where I met the other rider on his return trip. When I told him all that had happened we went to Smith Creek together.

"The following morning two prospectors asked if they might go along with us, as they were afraid of Indians. We gave them our consent and continued our journey in a snow storm, but free from the attack of Indians. When we neared Dry Creek we saw a herd of cattle running from the sta-

the icy, rushing waters claimed two victims. The body of the boy was never found, but the body of father's wife was later recovered.

"On April 2, 1863, father married Mary Marinda Wilson, at West Weber. She was my mother. They had fourteen children, nine of whom lived to adulthood. The family resided at Wilson from 1863 to 1870, and at Hooper, Weber County, from 1870 to 1885. Then the family moved to Burch Creek near Ogden and later returned to Wilson. In 1902, the Wintle family moved to Ogden. He died of pneumonia, January 1, 1916."

—John Wesley Wintle.

*Elijah Nichols Wilson*, better known among the people as "Uncle Nick," came to Utah in the year of 1850 with his parents, settling in Grantsville, Utah. In 1854, a small tribe of Shoshone Indians enticed him to leave his pioneer home and go with them. He lived as a member of the Indian tribe for two years, after which he returned to his own people. From his story written by his daughter, we quote the following. "In the fall of 1860, my grandfather, Elijah Wilson, Sr., died. Soon after, my father became one of the first Pony Express riders. In his own words, father says, 'About the time I was thinking of starting to rejoin my Indian friends, the word came that the pony express was going to start, and Mr. Faust induced me to stay and be one of the pony riders. I sold my roan pony to a sergeant in Camp Floyd for seventy-five dollars, and I sold the little black mare for one hundred dollars. I took part of the money to mother and bought some clothes with the rest.

"A great pow-wow was going on about the Pony Express coming through the country. They had started to build roads and stations. These stations had to be built every ten miles apart and as near to water as possible. Well, the time came for the express horses to be strung along the line and the riders were sent to their stations. Mr. Faust and Mr. Howard Egan went my bonds, and I was sent out west into Nevada to a station and was kept by a man named William Smith, and Smith had a hostler whose name was Samuel Lee. When we were hired to ride the express we had to go before a Justice of the Peace and swear that we would at all times be at our post, and not at any time be over one hundred yards from the station, except when we were carrying the mail. When we started out we were never to turn back, no matter what happened, until the mail was delivered at the next home station. We had to be ready to start back at a half-minute's notice, let it be day or night, rain or shine, Indians or no Indians.

"Our saddles, which were all furnished by the company, had nothing to them but the bare tree, stirrups and cinch. Two large pieces of sole leather about sixteen inches wide by twenty-four inches long were laced together with a strong leather string and thrown over the saddle. Fastened to these were four pockets, two in front and two behind on either side of the saddle. The two rear ones were the largest. The one in front on the left side was called the 'way pocket.' All of these pockets were locked with small padlocks and each home station keeper had a key to the way pocket. When the express arrived at the home station, the keeper would unlock the way pocket, and if there were any letters for the boys between the home stations, the rider would distribute them as he went along, and there was also a card in the way pocket that the station keeper would take out and put down on it the time

"At the inception of the Pony Express my father was twenty years old. He related that when the service first began there was a great celebration and all the persons in the towns along the way turned out with music and guns. My father was waiting with his saddle horse to receive the bag of mail when the firing of guns, just at the moment he swung into the stirrups with the bundle of messages, so frightened the horse that the animal climbed right over a large pile of timber and galloped on its way. Later he was engaged in carrying the express from Cottonwood Springs to Fort Kearney on the South Platte River.

"Father relates that one time he had a bad scare. A rider, coming eastward passed him (going westward), and informed father he had been ambushed and exhibited a bullet hole in his hat. Despite the fact that father knew he was going into country where hostile Indians were likely to be encountered, he proceeded and got through safely.

"Father related that on another occasion he was chased by a number of Indian warriors who kept firing at him with guns and shooting arrows. His grain-fed horse outdistanced the Indians' horses, and after a run of several miles father arrived at a relay station where armed men rushed out to defend him and drive away the attackers. Just as father dismounted his horse dropped dead. Another mile and he would never have been able to win that race! One dark night he rode without warning right into an Indian camp. Although inwardly quaking, he did not show fear. Handing the reins to a warrior, he dismounted and entered a lodge where he was treated kindly. Soon, he went his way without molestation.

"Some months later, while on his weary ride, father was warned at one of the relay stations that the Indians were on the warpath. Suddenly topping a hill just at dusk, father rode into sight of a large Indian camp. It was too late to turn back, so with a show of bravado he galloped his horse directly to the side of an Indian man at the edge of the circle of lodges. Dismounting, father displayed no fear, but made a bluff at tightening his saddle girth. His horse was quick and well-trained and crossing to the off side of the horse the rider suddenly grasped the saddle horn and swinging himself into the saddle and stirrups he was gone, while the eager horse shied at a dozen warriors who had, by this time, rushed from their tepees and fired ineffectively at the speeding figure.

"A man of small build, he was just the right size for Pony Express work, and being light and wiry made a good rider. When the Pony Express disbanded father returned to Utah, where he farmed and operated a meat business for many years.

"In September, 1862, father married Sarah Evans, who was born in England, April 24, 1843. A few months later, on February 12, 1863, father and his new wife drove from Ogden out west a few miles to the town of Wilson. It was necessary to ford the Weber River near the place where 24th Street now crosses the river. Father got the ox team across successfully in the morning and he and his wife spent the day visiting some relatives. Enroute home later in the day they were accompanied by his cousin, a boy named Sewell. When they drove into the ford, the river had risen and father's wife and the Sewell boy were drowned. At the time father was using only the running gears of a wagon with a few planks laid on them. The oxen saved themselves. Father nearly succeeded in rescuing his wife, but

tion so we stopped a few rods distant. There was no signs of people, so I left the other man and rode my pony to the building, the front of which was blown out. There were indications of a skirmish. Looking in I gazed with horror into the face of one of our riders, who had been killed.

"With anxiety we rushed toward Roberts Creek, stopping only for short rests and to let the animals graze. At Diamond Springs the Indians threatened us, but seemed quelled by our fearless threats, though they followed us and stole most of our animals at night. We finally reached Roberts Creek Station, where we received a hilarious welcome.

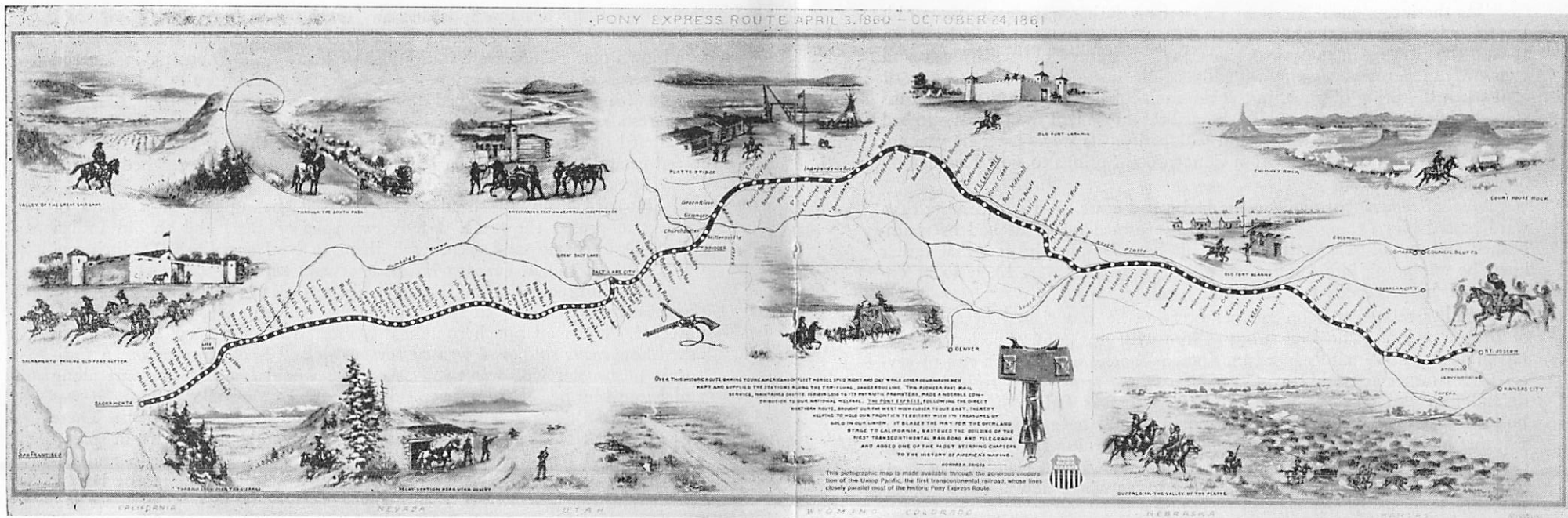
"Howard Egan, the head agent, received the support of a squad of soldiers to protect the route. I took two yoke of cattle and an old Indian called 'Duditchemo' and went with them to haul supplies. 'Duditchemo' was a faithful Indian guard, who made several trips.

"Upon one occasion at Diamond Springs, Mr. Bolivar Robertson, the postmaster, asked for a fast rider to take the mail into Salt Lake City; I volunteered. The mail pouch contained a great deal of money. The captain asked how many soldiers I wanted for guards and I told him none. A California postmaster who was there asked if I would like him to come along and I told him he could not keep up with me. I didn't take anyone. It was 22 miles from there to Ruby Valley, where I had to change animals. There was no more trouble from Indians and I went straight through from station to station 'till I reached Salt Lake. Brigham Young called me in and advised that I quit the route, but I told him that I had promised the boys I would return, and wanted to keep my word. The boys were glad to see me. That was in 1862 and was my last run." It is said W. H. Streeper survived all other Utah Pony Express riders. He died at his residence in Centerville, Utah, and was buried there October 13, 1930. —Eila Streeper.

*Alexander Toponce* was born in Belfort, France, in 1839. When he was seven years old his parents came to the United States and settled in the state of New York. At the age of fifteen years, Alex came west as far as Missouri with some young men friends. When he was but sixteen he began working for Major and Russell as a freight driver. He tells us of this in his "Reminiscences." "One trip took us over the trail up the Arkansas River to the fort at Sante Fe. We were paid fifteen dollars a month and board. They furnished us each with a Bible, but they never gave us much time on the road to read it. We were required to sign an agreement to observe certain 'iron clad' rules. In part they were: "While I am in the employ of Majors and Russell I agree not to use profane language, not to get drunk, not to gamble, not to treat the animals cruelly and not to do anything that is incompatible with the conduct of a gentleman." These rules were hard to keep sometimes, especially the one about swearing. That was a nuisance when yoking up unruly oxen in the mornings."

Mr. Toponce helped install the first overland stage line from Missouri to California, in about 1850. The line went from Missouri by way of Texas and New Mexico, but when Johnston's Army was sent to Utah in 1868, the route was changed to run by way of Salt Lake City. Mr. Toponce drove stage on this route. He writes: "We would start out with six mules and three men. One man would ride a horse along side the mules and keep 'touching' them with a black-snake whip. He was called the 'side whipper.' The third man sat on the 'dickey seat' on top of the stage facing the rear. He had a





field glass and kept an eye out for Indians. We all had the latest makes of rifles. We would drive these six mules fifty miles, stopping once to feed and water them, then change teams and drive another fifty miles."

Mr. Toponce continues, "One of the pioneer developments was a fast mail service up the Platte River. I carried mail out of Fort Kearny to the west. I rode one horse 25 miles, changed horses and rode 25 miles more. There I met the rider from the west. If he was late I took the fresh horse that was ready for him, and started to meet him and kept on till I did meet him. When we met we changed horses, also the mail pouches. I came back and he began his trip west."

In 1863, Mr. Toponce came to Salt Lake City to freight from Utah to Montana. He purchased a freighting outfit from John Handley of American Fork for \$1,200. It consisted of eight wagons with four yoke of oxen to the wagon. At Salt Lake City they loaded their wagons with tea, flour, shovels, and picks. At Brigham City he gathered up butter and dressed hogs. In Cache Valley he obtained all the eggs that could be found. He had paid six cents for the pork and sold it in Montana for \$1.00 per pound. The eggs he sold for \$2.00 a dozen. He was paid in gold.

In the summer of 1864, Mr. Toponce bought flour of Bishop Chauncey W. West, in Ogden, to freight to Montana. He paid \$24.00 a hundred for the flour. Bishop West was delayed two weeks in filling the order. Mr. Toponce tells us that this delay caused him a great loss, both in cattle and gold.

—Files of Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

*Henry Tuckett*—In the files of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, is a history of Henry Tuckett, written by his daughter, Lelia Tuckett Freeze. Mr. Tuckett was a pioneer of 1853. Mrs. Freeze states that he was one of the riders of the Pony Express. He responded to a call for more Pony Express riders to help put the mail through during that time. His daughter remembers distinctly that when they were living in Salt Lake City she was allowed to go down to the Main Street station with her father to see him off on his famous ride. There were several men about and she heard them talking about the Indians being on the warpath in Ruby Valley and that some of the men had been killed. After bidding her father goodbye, she ran all the way home very excited and, without telling anyone, went to her bedroom and prayed fervently that the Lord would not let the Indians kill her father. She recalls how thankful she was that her prayers were answered and her father returned home to the family in safety.

*Joseph Barney Wintle*—An interesting story, that should have been recorded before his demise, was lost to history when Joseph Barney Wintle died in Ogden, Utah, in 1916, at the age of 76. Mr. Wintle was one of the original pony express riders. He entered the employ of Russell, Majors and Waddell when the Pony Express was organized and rode with the first message westward in April, 1860. He continued as a rider until the Pony Express was disbanded.

One of Mr. Wintle's sons, John Wesley Wintle, said: "He often related to me that when the first message of President Lincoln's election was sent west to California, he helped carry it, and rode 110 miles in five hours with ten changes of horses.